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DAVID THE KING.

WE have seen the young man David lured from his country home to the court, and then driven from the court to the wilderness and the mountains. We have seen him tracked like a beast, changing his lair with every new month; a man too great ever to live again in the cottage of Jesse; a man too weak, and too much hated, to live again in the court of Saul. An outlaw's life, or an exile's, is the only life for him. For he never leads a rebel's. It is one of the grand poetical traits of his character, that he never loses his loyalty. Saul, crazed and jealous, hunts him down as if he were a wolf. But Saul is still to him the Lord's anointed; and the chivalrous David, the poet-outlaw, is never so false to greenwood chivalry as to lift his hand against his king. Again and again he is tempted, — once so tempted, that he turns to his harp, and sings the song which asks for strength divine. But these make the critical points in the romance of your hero's life. And to the last, when, as you read, your interest is most excited lest he fail, just then some new act of generous chivalry shows him true to himself, and to God. He spares Saul, and is the loyal David still!

At the very last of this outlaw-life, his peril of disloyalty seems extreme. For he cannot sustain himself alone, and he has sought the protection of the king of the Philistines. He has accepted his hospitality. He lives in one of his cities. And the king goes to war against Israel, and summons all his tribes and

clans. David, too, must go up in array, with those well-trained mountain rangers of his, who follow him so closely. Now, we shall see! For to-morrow will be the day of the battle! "Under which king, then, outlaw? Speak, or die!" In this exigency, it is curious, in the little thread of the history which the legend gives us, to see how, straightforward and faithful, David obeys, to-day, to-day's orders. He does not borrow trouble, as we do, when we ask what we shall do to-morrow, *if* such and such a conflict of duties shall come before us. He trusts that the Spirit to-morrow will teach the duty of to-morrow. Is he not God's child? and may he not trust God for to-morrow? So is it, that at this last crisis, when he and his troops are fairly in station in the Philistine army, in favor with the Philistine king, — then the jealous "native-Philistine" noblemen come to their sovereign, as "natives" and noblemen will, to say, "What do these Hebrews here?" "Make this fellow return, and let him not go down with us to the battle."

And the king, with an apology to the poet, sends him and his away from the camp, "lest thou displease the lords of the Philistines." And his loyalty, even to the persecuting Saul, is saved from the stain which he would have himself felt, in participation in the battle of the morrow.

That battle of that morrow is the changing moment of his life. Saul and Jonathan are killed on the hills of Gilboa. The men of Judah at once seek David, to make him the successor to the throne; and the history of the poet-outlaw ends, and that of the poet-king begins.

My object, in tracing his history, has been to show how it illustrated his poems, and how they throw light on it in turn. At this moment, when he became king of Judah, at Gibeon, exalted thus from utter misery and exile, yet still opposed to the son of Saul, who is king over the other tribes, he is said to have written the 139th Psalm. The occasion has long since yielded in interest to countless other occasions for which this psalm has been the God-appointed psalm of the day. It is David's fortune that his private liturgy has been used so much more widely than he dreamed, and in so much grander circumstance. None the less, however, do we feel the energy with which he, uprisen from misery to a throne, from the dark hell of exile to the bright heaven of a home, sings such words as —

"Thou knowest my downsitting and my uprising;
 Thou compasseth my path, and my lying down.
 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
 If I make my bed in hell, thou art there:
 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee.
 The darkness and the light are both alike to thee!"

After a year or two of petty warfare, of intrigue like that of all eastern history, and of the natural growth of his own popularity, David's sway extends over all the tribes. His real reign begins; a reign which extends his kingdom almost to the Euphrates; launches his ships, and Solomon's after him, on the Red Sea; and makes him equal ally of the great commercial states of Tyre; — a reign into whose statesmanship we may not now inquire, but will only say, in passing, that if the boasted civilization of this century of ours can advance up to the point where David left affairs, and can, through the lands which he reigned over, reopen the communication which he left firm between the ports of the Mediterranean and the ports of India, our century may well be proud of its triumph.

In this reign, glorious in its length, glorious in its warlike victories, but most glorious in its peaceful triumphs, come in a succession of psalms, the psalms of the palace; the psalms of the throne.

It is curious to see — the poet himself was hardly conscious of it, I suppose — how those mountain and wilderness comparisons, with which his exile-song abounded, disappear; and how their place is filled by allusions to glory and honor, kingdoms, and promises of long lineage, — to kings, princes and king's daughters, and palaces; showing themselves the songs of a monarch, as those showed themselves the songs of a child of the wilderness.

"Thou art *my* king, O God! Command deliverances for Jacob.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty! with thy glory and thy majesty.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre."

And again: —

"Come, behold the works of the Lord,
 What desolations he hath made in the earth."

But these are not now the desolations of the hurricane on the mountain, as he watched them in his youth. This is a statesman's song, and David goes on : —

“He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ;
He burneth the chariot in the fire.”

And now, when the song is of praise, —

“Sing praises to God, — sing praises ;
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.”

It is not because he hath led us as goats over the mountains, or strengthened our hands, so that they break an iron bow, but because —

“God is King over all the earth,
Sing ye praises, with understanding :
God reigneth over the heathen ;
God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.”

But this is simply an observation upon manner. For, as to the substance of these psalms, as to their spirit, there is no change. David is the humble suppliant, or the humble in thanksgiving, alike whether he be king or peasant. Here is none of that wretched mockery with which we have seen kings condescend to go to worship. There is none of that calling on all to admire, that one so great as the king should be willing to sing praises to a greater. David left it to meaner times to be surprised, and to meaner men to record in adulation, that a sovereign should condescend to pray, or a governor be humble enough to teach religion. With him it was of course to do the one or the other. He did not, in taking the title of God's Anointed, wear it as if he forgot the God who anointed him. And he was not a Defender of the Faith, in the sort of those who defend it for others, more than for themselves. If he sings of himself as king, it is that he may sing of God as the King of kings. If he exults in his own victory, it is in the midst of a pæan of praise to Him who gave the victory. In the palace, to sum up all in a word, as in the wilderness, he knew that he was with God, and God with him.

From his bed of despair, he had ascended, as his psalm says,

he had *uprisen* to this throne and sceptre; but even there was God, encompassing him before and behind, and laying his hand upon his head. And in this trait, whether of the wilderness-psalms or the palace-psalms, is the immortality of them all. This is the key which unlocks your closet, and to the secrecy of your deepest griefs, or highest joys, admits this singer of Israel as your companion; that always he invokes the present God; always he speaks to the Father, knowing that, in whatever solitude, he is with his child.

Side by side with this trait, David's sins and David's penitence, his wretched weakness and his wretched cry for strength, appear in these psalms more than in his forest-songs; and give to them a human side, and command for them human sympathy. With the wilderness-life, David leaves the strength of wilderness-life. Its helps to bodily purity, in the excitement of its exercise and labor, are gone. The frequency of its lessons of affliction is gone too. In the confinement of palaces come the temptations of confinement and of power; and, under one lust and another, the pampered king breaks down. Even the quickness of his conscience is deadened, and there needs the very voice of the fearless seer to say to him, "Thou art the man."

Such sins make him the brother of all sinners. And who does not join with him in such penitences as his sincere harp pours forth after them; the rainbow on the black cloud; to last, perhaps, no longer than the cloud lasts?

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord God! according to thy loving-kindness;
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgression.
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I acknowledge my transgressions,
And my sin is ever before me.
Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
I have done this evil in thy sight;
That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest."

And again:—

"I acknowledge my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity I have not hid.
I said I will confess my transgressions to the Lord,
And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

And in yet another strain : —

“ O Lord ! rebuke me not in thy wrath,
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure ;
For thine arrows stick fast in me,
And thy hand presseth me sore.
For mine iniquities are gone over mine head ;
As a heavy burden, they are too much for me.”

The psalms, indeed, are the penitential poetry of the world. And here I must pause. To complete the picture, we should read, in their connection with the history, David's humble but resigned plaints of song, when his son Absalom drove him from Jerusalem into exile. That hurried flight, with a few faithful followers, is strangely like some of the royal flights from royal capitals of our own time, quite like enough for us easily to fill up the outline.

Yet again, there are other psalms which an accurate criticism would ascribe to the close of the old man's life. Nor let me pass by the odes of triumph with which he led up the Ark to Zion, where he trusted it should rest for ever. Passing these now, we will follow his life to its close. Read that charge to Solomon, with which he closed his eyes, and died. And then you will see how, with all its sympathies with human suffering, all its manly humility, all its childlike resting upon God, it leaves a worrying, unsatisfying impression, at the best. Here he rises, to fall again. That we all do. But he rises again no higher than before, and falls a second time, as low as at first. *Must* we all do that? Nay, is there not, even in David's own words, a consciousness that he is feeling for light which he has not? Does not he himself suggest, that, in all his “uprisings,” he knows that he comes to one fixed level? And he knows, as we do, that that level has not been so safe but that he has fallen from it before.

Yes, in his way, you would say that the poet-king was as weary, at the close of life, as was his sensual, purple-clothed son, of much wisdom, and of countless treasure, at the close of his. The one of them, and the other, came to a fixed point in their faith. David's charge to Solomon is that he walk in all the ways that are written in the law of Moses; detail marked out for every minute, — and no place where manliness can develop duty, and carry it higher, in its own chosen way! David and Solomon

both show their weariness in such chains. And we do not read their story wisely, unless we break beyond that point, to carry our faith farther. These psalms are the poetry of penitence. Here is the fit minstrelsy of John's baptism, the baptism of repentance, which turns from evil. It is the lesson of sins remitted. It was all they knew. We have to add to it the gospel lesson, of repentance bearing fruit in reform, of sins not only once remitted, but then for ever retained. We are to come to God as they did; but where they came to rest in his arms, we come to enter into his harvest-field. We are to rise from our fall as they did. But our uprising is nothing, if we do not mount higher than before; and our fall is heathen, if it carry us to the same depth we started from. For our gospel is, "Higher — still higher!" We go from faith to faith, from glory to glory: the very path for enterprise is open to us, which they could not find; and so the Lord has given us the power to "retain," to hold back the vices which with them were only "remitted." David, in that charge to Solomon on his dying bed, bade him "keep the charge of the Lord, to walk in his ways, and to keep his statutes," — and then to watch Joab, the captain of the host, and let not his hoary head go down in peace to the grave; — bids him show kindness to those who had followed him in adversity; and then to bring down the hoar head of one who had cursed him, to the grave, with blood! So David slept with his fathers. What a sleep! — the old death-sleep of those who loved their friends, and hated their enemies.

For to poor David it was revealed only as prophecy that mercy and truth could meet together, stern righteousness and mild peace could kiss one another. But that prophecy is our present. To us the loving face of the Lord is revealed; and from that old half-life, of mingled blessing and cursing, sweet water and salt flowing from the same fountain, we are lifted by David's greater Son to the eternal life, always young, of eternal love, always new. So, where David passed round and round in a circle of monotony, entering again and again on the old failure and the old repentance, each day of life may lift us above the past; although day and night do interchange with us, although we do pass from joy to sorrow, from success to failure. David's round is that of the dumb beast, chained in the mill, — repentance and failure, repentance and failure, one course for ever. But we are

to be borne up, as on eagle's wings; and though our course be in circles also, orbits in which we now fall, and now turn away from the central sun of light, — still, in that eagle path, each Christian's circle, as he soars, is higher than that before. He never returns to the same point, even of darkness, but to a point above it. His fall is never as desperate as was his last fall before. Through this life, through all life, he is rising, higher and higher with every change. From faith to faith is his course; from hope to hope, from life to life, from glory to glory, up to the eternal day.

E. E. H.

H Y M N,

WRITTEN FOR THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY.

We come to consecrate to-day,
With spirit hushed, and words of prayer,
A sweet, still spot, that we may lay,
In days to come, our loved ones there.

But yesterday 'twas common ground;
Henceforth, not even a flower shall spring
Out from its bosom, but shall be
Unto our hearts a holy thing!

We stand among our future graves!
Around us lies the unbroken sod;
And who shall first be slumbering here
None knoweth, save the omniscient God!

When grief shall darken in the soul,
And dust to dust, with many a tear,
Be given, — O Father! then let love
Come down to meet the mourner here!

In beauty we would clothe the spot;
And, oh, may help and grace be given
To robe our lives in beauty too,
And make our resting-place in heaven!

A. D. T. W.

WHAT NATURE TEACHES.

A SERMON, BY REV. CHARLES J. BOWEN.

1 Cor. x. 14: "Doth not even *Nature* teach you?"

THERE is a natural theology, or a knowledge of God which comes by an observation and study of his works and of outward creation, as well as a revealed theology, or a knowledge of God which comes by the recorded testimony of the lawgiver, prophet, poet, apostle, and Messiah. They are *both* the means which God has employed for the revelation of his existence, power, wisdom, and love. They both alike proceed *from* God, and are intended to draw the human mind and affections towards him in faith, reverence, and trust.

Between these two kinds of revelation there exists a *harmony*, and both are essential to the full exercise and illustration of divine power and love. They mutually strengthen and elucidate the common truths which they proclaim, and their united and harmonious testimony gives an irresistible power and conclusiveness to those truths.

What the word of revelation declares, the natural world repeats and verifies in its works. In the Word it is written that God created the heavens and the earth. Nature, in its vastness and sublimity and beauty, proclaims God to be its originator. The everlasting hills declare that they are buildings of God, not made by human hands. In the Word it is written that "God is love." In nature we see the innumerable evidences of that love made manifest.

Revealed theology, with its bare statements, would fail to satisfy the inquiring and exacting and critical mind, if no other means were offered to substantiate and fortify its facts. It would afford but an incomplete and unsatisfactory revelation of the Deity and his attributes. It would be much like attempting to understand the science of astronomy and the geography of the earth without the aid of globe and map.

On the other hand, natural theology is not, of itself, an all-sufficient revelation, and a secure foundation of faith in God and in immortality. The human mind cannot find perfect satisfaction

in its revelations, nor, taken alone, is it of equal value with revealed theology. It is rather an illustration and confirmation of the facts of revealed theology; and in this light it is of inestimable value and meaning. It is the globe and the map in the hand of the student of astronomy and geography.

Nevertheless, it is true, that —

“In devout contemplation of *created things*,
By steps, we may ascend to God.”

But our knowledge of God and duty through nature alone is still imperfect, and the wisest philosophers of antiquity failed to attain to a constant and satisfying faith in that most precious of all facts, — the immortality of the human soul, — which revealed theology brings to light.

An observation of the natural world gives us intimations and illustrations of immortality, by revealing to us that *nothing* actually dies or is annihilated. But we wait for revelation to give us the testimony of a living Saviour, and an unreserved proclamation of the great fact of human immortality. We wait for revelation to give us the touching pictures of Lazarus and the widow's son, and the daughter of Jairus, and the testimony of the beloved John. We wait for that to give us Paul, and his sublime reasonings and calm conclusions and implicit faith; and we are ready to submit to the fact, that life and immortality are brought to perfect light *only* through the gospel of Christ.

But rich and abundant are the uses and teachings of nature, both as a visible illustration of revealed truth, and as it impresses its lessons upon the thoughtful mind and the receptive heart.

Nor is its value anywhere more constantly acknowledged, and the essential part which it occupies in the chain of evidence for the divine presence and love in the universe confessed, than in the Bible itself.

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.” “O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is *full* of thy riches.” Such passages of acknowledgment and adoration abound in the sacred writings, where the author's soul was lifted in devotion, and his heart awed by the sublime impressions of the natural world.

And this is the first lesson which nature has to impress upon the human mind,—the existence and presence of the Supreme Being.

As a visible and sublime expression of divine wisdom and power is nature to be viewed; and, as we cannot truly perceive God or his works through the senses alone, only by the spirit within, it is not enough that we look with the *outward* eye upon nature; but we must look with the eye of the spirit, if we would receive into our hearts its whole meaning, and be penetrated by its deeper lessons.

There are not wanting those who admire the aspects and works of nature,—who look upon her, and call her “beautiful and glorious,”—who love to wander by her still waters and through her green pastures, and climb her hills, and scan her landscapes, and stand upon her seashores, and listen to her varied and melodious voices.

But there are wanting those who shall do this with the genuine spirit; who shall not only see but feel her beauty and glory; who shall not only admire but love her for what she bestows upon the heart; who shall not only praise her works, but their author; who shall not only gaze upon them outwardly, but, looking through and beyond, shall see the presence of omnipotence there, and perceive the spirit of the great God as it shines and speaks through all his wonderful works. Unless we cherish that listening heart when we seek nature, it shall teach us nothing that shall abide within us, and make us better and happier. But says one in a happy strain, “By the thoughtful mind and the awakened spirit there is a spirit discernible in all things. If I am spiritual, then the world is a revelation of God to me; and there is a spirit looks in upon my spirit from out of the sky and the earth and the sea,—from out of the sun and the moon and the stars, and from out of the flowers. It is for the sake of what we feel in nature and from it, that this earth has been made; and I have no doubt that there are beings purer than we, who would feel this world round them like a divine presence, and who would, as it were, see the face of God in every direction; so wise and beautiful and good are all things.”

• And as “God is love,” and all his works are done in love, not only do we behold the evidences of his presence, wisdom, and power in nature, but his infinite love is conspicuous there; and so the natural world may also teach us to love God.

If, in the first place, we think of the benevolence and charitableness of nature; how abundantly it repays the labor of man, and supplies our physical requirements; how everything conspires to establish our health and happiness and prosperity; how the air and the earth and the sea all yield freely their fragrance and fruits and treasures; how wisely the revolving seasons are ordered; how day succeeds night for labor and repose; how the sunshine and the rain and the snow and the dew descend to bless the earth,—if we think of these things, and associate them with God, his loving-kindness is revealed, through them, to our hearts.

If, again, we reflect upon the appeal which nature makes to our feeling of gratitude, for her free and constant ministrations to our mental gratification, through the senses, in her sublime and matchless displays every day and every night, over the broad fields of the universe,—from the silent, gradual, solemn dawn of morning, as it emerges from darkness and welcomes back the light of day, which spreads over the world, and bathes the landscape in new beauty, and touches the hills with its radiance, and beams upon the distant ocean-waves, and penetrates the depth of forest-gloom, and paints the sky in glory from dawn to its corresponding hour of gathering darkness and deepening night, when the world bids farewell to daily cares, and men rest in the sweet oblivion of sleep; through all the hours of day and night, whether we are awake or asleep, God is constantly revealing his wonderful love and goodness in works of beauty and splendor, and this, too, for our pleasure and improvement;—if we reflect upon these *daily* blessings as we ought, it will appear that the Father's love for us is boundless and perpetual; for it was not essential, as far as we know and can conceive, in the creation of the world and the ordering of nature, that all things should be made, not only in perfect harmony, but with the manifest design of affording constant opportunity for the indulgence of our sense of the beautiful and the sublime. This, it seems to our finite minds, was not *essential*. Nevertheless, the Infinite Being, whose nature is love, so decreed that beauty should be an element pervading the natural world: *and it is so.*

Nature teaches those who are ready and willing to be taught. And as God reveals himself only to the highest faculties in man—to his spiritual being,—so it is necessary that the mind shall be in harmony with nature, if we would perceive truly the manifested

love of God there. The pure spirit alone can see the love of the Creator in the universe, in all its height and depth; and the blind and deaf man, who walks amid the scenes of nature, unconscious of its ever-varying beauties and heedless of its melodies, is no more deprived of the blessedness of their influences than he who has within the darkened and discordant spirit. Infinitely less; for God has an avenue to the soul of the one, through the keener susceptibility of the other senses, and pours his spirit freely into his awaiting heart, while he is repelled from an intercourse with the other by the impenetrable darkness of his rebellious mind.

While, therefore, nature teaches and purifies and exalts the willing and receptive mind, its legitimate influences are often, on the other hand, defeated by the hostility of the mind itself. The outward world inevitably takes its coloring from the inner spirit; and, while the grateful and devout and spiritual mind sees beauty and harmony and peace everywhere in God's creation, the selfish and sensual and sinful mind looks upon a world of discord and deformity and degradation; for it looks upon the reflection of its own inner condition.

We know the mind that is in harmony with nature by its habitual gratitude and unceasing acknowledgment of the wisdom that directs the vicissitudes of the natural world. It sees good in all things, for God appoints them. It does not vainly murmur and fret, because perpetual sunshine and an unclouded sky, and a pleasant, equable temperature, do not follow, day by day, in uninterrupted succession. It does not betray the weakness and folly of the child, if disappointed in the outward aspect of nature; but takes gratefully and joyfully what God sends, and reveals the healthy discipline of a submissive spirit; knowing that the clouds and the rain and the winter storm are all needed by the earth, even as trials and darkness and tears are needed by the spirit of man; and that perpetual sunshine would be as fatal to the development of the natural world, as perpetual prosperity and pleasure are to the true life of the soul.

To that mind which is alive to the influences of nature, she is a source of tender sympathy and sweet repose. We may not define this peculiar power of nature. It must be felt by the heart to be understood. It is not a fact to be logically proved, but an experience to be spiritually enjoyed; but on that account none the less a fact,—a reality. Like the refined and exquisite influence

of music, it penetrates and fills the whole being with inexpressible peace; and, like that, it is a medium through which the human spirit flows back to its Infinite Source, in feelings of humility and penitence and love. Ask not how or why it is; but, if you would believe and know, yield yourself to the pure and fresh companionship of God's universe; go alone, and seek your needed refreshment, from worldly toils and deceits and disappointments, in the close communion with nature's God; go with your sorrows, heavy though they be, and find that tender sympathy which the waiting and seeking heart realizes in nature's silence, broken, at intervals, by the strains of her minor music; go in your happiness, for she rejoices with the glad in heart, and weeps with the mourner; faint and faithless and blind as we all are at times, go we with prayerful hearts to the Rock that is higher than we, and seek the regulating and purifying waters of nature's Siloam and Bethesda, with Jesus for our companion.

Jesus! He was a devout lover of nature, and lived in harmony with her, and found the sympathy and inspiration which she gives. By the shores of Galilee, upon the lonely mountain, and in the garden, he wandered and prayed and suffered. To him the retirement and repose of nature was often more congenial than the companionship of his friends and disciples; and those moments of deepest communings and spiritual wrestlings, when the path of stern and forbidding duty was strewn with thorns and stones of torture and suffering, in secret meditation and prayer upon the mountain with his God alone, he nerved himself for the conflict, and renewed his spirit at the Fountain of divine and effectual succor.

This broad field of natural theology, at which we have *glanced*, is free and open to the observation and study of all minds. It invites us to its intimate and grateful companionship, and is ever affording a means for spiritual culture, and devotional feelings, and an exalted communion; and if we only go to nature with the true and living heart, desiring to be taught,—if we habitually welcome her in all her changing aspects and seasons, we may be drawn nearer to God, and instructed in divine perfections and glories.

So let these beautiful summer days, as they come, find a welcome in our hearts; not only because they are beautiful and refreshing to the outward sense, but for the spirit they may impart to our spirits, and because in them the infinite love of the

Father is daily made manifest. Let them find us grateful and thoughtful, and receptive of whatever may improve our minds and hearts. And though we go not beyond the familiar scenes of home, enough is about us to teach and inspire. Nature may everywhere be seen in its loveliness. The sunbeam enters the lowliest cottage. The landscape lies open to the vision of all. The majestic tree offers its grateful shade to weary labor, and its beautiful proportions to the admiring eye. The music of the little streams, and the solemn presence of the hills, and the ever-shifting and ever-glorious scenes of the sunset clouds, and the beauties of night, are for all ears and eyes.

But if we shall seek the grander and rarer scenes of nature,—the towering mountain, or the home by the sea, or the flood of waters, or some quiet valley of beauty and repose,—still may we carry with us teachable minds, and go to those scenes, not for reasons of custom or fashion or dissipation or mere idle pleasure, but go for that enjoyment which will make us both happier and better in body and soul, and which will reveal to us the ever-present benevolence of God.

“Petrarch* once climbed a high mountain, with a little volume of Augustine’s Confessions in his pocket. At the summit, after feasting himself with the landscape, he opened the book to read, when the first passage that caught his eye was the following: ‘Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the sources of rivers; *but they neglect themselves.*’ Petrarch closed the book, and meditated upon the lesson. If I have undergone so much labor in climbing this mountain, said he, that my body might be nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, what labor is too great to undergo, that my soul may be received there for ever!” Whoever has the devout and humble and prayerful soul within him does ascend nearer to heaven as he climbs the mountain; but without *this* all nature is a *blank*, a mass of dead, unmeaning matter, through which no divine spirit shines.

This, then, is the great lesson which nature would impress upon each human heart,—Live for some high and definite end, immortal man!

God has not created you, any more than his other works, for a

* See Dr. G. B. Cheever’s “Pilgrim of the Jungfrau,” p. 94.

selfish existence, but that you shall bless and cheer and improve other hearts. *Live not for yourself alone*, is the law of your being. Do good unto others; shed some fragrance around your path of duty and sorrow and trial by your fidelity and sympathy and love. If nothing more, at least be your life a felt influence of purity and peace in your own home, and in the hearts of your children. If it be not yours to perform greater deeds of charity that shall bless many, still be faithful to the little duties and the offices of home: if you may only bless one human heart, do that, do it faithfully; and learn, O man! a lesson, simple and beautiful and useful, from that humble little plant, which, amid every change of heat and cold, of sunshine and storm, turns its leaves and flowers to the north. So let your heart, amid all the trials and storms of life, be fixed in loving confidence and unchanging fidelity on God!

Thus shall we glorify him as do the heavens and the earth. Thus may we be living flowers in those everlasting gardens of the Lord, where angels and seraphs are the guardians!

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may hither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

George Herbert.

WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

TRANSLATED FROM L'ABBE DE LA MENNAIS.

A PRAYER.

LORD, from the depth of our misery we cry unto thee.
 As the beasts that lack food for their young,
 Lord, we cry unto thee.
 As travellers bewildered in a burning desert, where there is no
 water,

Lord, we cry unto thee.
 As the shipwrecked on a barren shore,
 Lord, we cry unto thee.
 As the innocent who is led to the scaffold,
 Lord, we cry unto thee.
 As the people of Israel in the land of bondage,
 Lord, we cry unto thee.

O Father, thou who didst not forsake thy Son, the Christ, but
 in semblance only, and for a moment ! thou wilt not forsake
 for ever the brothers of thy Christ. His divine blood, which has
 ransomed them from the bondage of the prince of this world, will
 ransom them also from the bondage of the ministers of the prince
 of this world. See their hands and their feet pierced, their sides
 open, their heads covered with bloody wounds.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Every thing that happens in the world has its harbinger that
 precedes it.

When the sun is ready to rise, the horizon is tinged with a
 thousand hues, and the East seems as on fire.

When the tempest comes, a hoarse murmur is heard on the
 shore, and the waves are stirred as of themselves.

Thoughts innumerable and diversified, which cross each other
 and blend in the horizon of the spiritual world, are the signs be-
 tokening the dawn of the sun of intelligence.

The confused murmur and internal movements of startled na-

tions are the precursors of the tempest that will soon sweep over the trembling nations.

Hold yourselves ready, for the time is at hand.

And in that day there shall be great terrors, and cries such as have not been heard since the days of the deluge.

The kings shall be cast down from their thrones; and with both hands shall they seek to retain their crowns that the wind carries away; but they shall be all swept away with them.

The rich and the great shall all go out naked from their palaces, for fear of being buried beneath their ruins.

And we shall see them wandering upon the roads, asking of the passers-by some rags to cover their nakedness, and a morsel of bread to stay their hunger; and I know not whether they shall obtain it.

And the learned shall be troubled in their knowledge; and it shall appear to them but as a little black point, when the sun of illumination shall arise.

And, in proportion as it ascends, its warmth shall disperse the clouds heaped up by the tempest; and they shall be then but as a light mist that the breath of zephyr scatters in the West.

Never had the heavens been so serene, nor the earth so green and so fruitful.

And instead of the pale twilight that we call day, a pure and living light shall beam from on high, like the shadow of the face of God.

And men shall see each other in this light, and they shall say, We knew neither ourselves nor others; we knew not what man was. But now we know him.

And each shall love himself in his brother, and shall make it his delight to be of use to him.

And there shall no longer be either small or great, because of the love that levels all.

And all the families of the earth shall be but as one family, and all nations but as one nation.

And this is the interpretation of the mysterious letters that the blind Jews fixed to the cross of Christ.

THE BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.

And it was night in the winter. The wind whistled without, and the roofs were white with snow.

Beneath one of these roofs, in a small chamber, a woman with white hair and a young girl were sitting working with their hands.

And from time to time the old woman warmed her pallid hand at a little stove. A brazen lamp lighted the mean habitation, and a dying ray of the lamp fell upon an image of the Virgin, suspended against the wall.

And the young girl raised her eyes, and for some moments looked at the woman with white hair in silence : then she said to her, My mother, you were not always in this want.

And there was in her voice an inexpressible sweetness and tenderness.

And the woman with white hair replied, My child, God is the master, and whatsoever he does is well done.

Having spoken these words, she was silent for a time ; then afterwards she said,

When I lost your father, I thought my sorrow without consolation ; you, however, remained to me, but it seemed to me then but as a small thing.

Afterwards, when I thought that if he had lived, and had seen us in this distress, his soul would have broken ; then I perceived that God had been good toward him.

The young girl answered not, but hung down her head ; and some tears, that she endeavored to conceal, fell upon the work that she had in her hands.

The mother added, God, who was good towards him, has likewise been good towards us. Of what have we been in want, whilst so many others are in want of every thing ?

It is true that we have been obliged to accustom ourselves to little, and to gain this little by our labor ; but has not this little been enough for us ? And were not all from the beginning condemned to toil for their subsistence ?

God, in his goodness, has given us our daily bread, and how many have it not ! a shelter, and how many know not where to lay their heads !

And, my daughter, he has given you to me ; of what, then, should I complain ?

At these last words, the young girl, overcome, fell on her knees to her mother, and took her hands, and kissed them, and leant upon her, and wept.

And the mother, endeavoring to lift up her voice, said, My daughter, happiness consists not in possessing much, but in hoping and loving much.

Our hope is not here below, neither is our love here below ; or, if it is, it is but in passing through.

After God, you are all to me in this world ; but this world shall pass away as a dream, therefore shall my love rise with you towards another world.

When I carried you in my bosom, when you were not yet born, one day I prayed fervently to God ; and a virgin-angel appeared to me during my sleep, and with a celestial smile seemed to present a young child to me.

And I took the child that she offered to me ; and, when I held it in my arms, the virgin-angel placed upon its head a crown of white roses.

A few months afterwards, you were born, and the gentle vision is always before my eyes.

And, thus speaking, the woman with white hair trembled, and pressed the young girl to her heart.

And some time afterwards, a sainted soul saw two bright forms ascend towards heaven ; and a troop of angels surrounded them, and the air resounded with their hymns of joy.

MUCH YET TO BE LEARNED BY MEN.

That which you see with your eyes and touch with your hands are but shadows ; and the sound that you hear with your ears is but a rough echo of the secret and mysterious voice that prays and groans in the heart of creation.

For all creation groans, and is in travail, and essays to be born into the true life, to pass from darkness into light, and from the kingdom of semblances to the kingdom of reality.

The sun, so glorious and so beautiful, is but the garment, the obscure emblem of the true sun that lights and warms our souls.

This verdant and fruitful earth is but the winding-sheet of

nature ; for nature, likewise fallen, has with man descended into the tomb, but like him to emerge from it again.

Beneath the thick shell of the body, you are like unto the traveller, who, sitting at night in his tent, sees or fancies he sees spectres passing by.

The real world is hidden from you. He who communes secretly with himself in the depth of his spirit, shall see as it were a glimpse of it in the distance.

The hidden powers that slumber within him, for a moment wake up, and raise a corner of the vail drawn by the wrinkled hand of Time ; and the eye of his mind is delighted with the wonders that it beholds.

You are sitting on the verge of the ocean of life, but as yet you penetrate not into its depths ; at evening you walk along its shores, and you behold only the light foam that the surf casts upon the beach.

To what, then, shall I liken you ?

You are as the unborn child in the bosom of its mother, waiting the hour of its birth ; as the winged insect in the crawling worm, striving to emerge from its terrestrial prison, and make its first flight towards heaven.

THE PEOPLE, THE PRIESTS, AND THE PRINCES.

Who was it who thronged around Christ to hear his words ?
The people.

Who was it who followed him into the mountain, and into the waste places to hear his instructions ? The people.

Who wished to have him for their king ? The people.

Who spread out their garments in his path, and strewed palms before him, crying, Hosannah ! when he entered into Jerusalem ?
The people.

Who were they who were offended because of the cures that he wrought on the day of the sabbath ? The Scribes and Pharisees.

Who invidiously questioned him, laying snares wherein to take him ? The Scribes and Pharisees.

Who said of him, He is possessed ? Who called him a man of good cheer, and a lover of pleasure ? The Scribes and Pharisees.

Who treated him as a seditious man and a blasphemer ? Who

leagued together to destroy him ? Who crucified him on Calvary between two thieves ? The Scribes and Pharisees, the doctors of the law, king Herod and his courtiers, the Roman governor, and the princes and the priests.

Their audacious hypocrisy deceived even the people. They carried it so far as to ask for the death of him who had fed them in the desert with seven loaves, who restored health to the sick, sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and to the palsied the use of their limbs.

But Jesus, seeing that the people had been beguiled by them, as the woman was beguiled by the serpent, prayed to his Father, saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !

And, nevertheless, after eighteen centuries, the Father has not yet forgiven them ; but they carry their punishment with them over the whole earth ; and, throughout the whole earth, the slave debases himself to behold them.

The mercy of Christ is without exception. He came into the world to save, not some men, but all men ; for every one of them there is a drop of his blood.

But the small, and the weak, and the humble, and the poor, and all they who are in affliction, he loves with a peculiar love.

His heart beats with the heart of the people, and the heart of the people with his heart.

And it is even there, upon the heart of Christ, that the sick are healed, and that oppressed nations gain strength to set themselves free.

Woe unto them who remove far from him, and deny him ! their misery is immediate, and their bondage eternal.

PERSECUTION AND TOLERATION.

And we have beheld the time when man, in slaying the man whose belief differed from his own, fancied that he offered up a sacrifice agreeable to God.

But let these execrable murders be an abomination unto you.

How can the murder of men be agreeable to God, who has said to man, Thou shalt not kill ?

When the blood of man flows upon the earth, as an offering unto God, demons hasten to drink it ; and they enter into him who has shed it.

We begin not to persecute until we despair of convincing; and whoso despairs of convincing, either he blasphemes in himself the power of truth, or he lacks confidence in the truth of the doctrines that he himself teaches.

What more insane than to say to men, Believe, or die?

Faith is the daughter of the word; it pierces the heart with words, and not with the sword.

Jesus went about doing good, drawing all men towards him by his goodness, and by his gentleness softening the most obdurate hearts.

His divine lips blessed, and cursed not, save only the hypocrites. He chose not executioners for his apostles.

He said to his own, Let all grow together until the harvest, the good seed and the tares; and the father of the family will divide them from each other in the garner.

And to them who were eager to call down fire from heaven upon the unbelieving city, he said, You know not what manner of spirit you are of.

The spirit of Jesus is a spirit of peace, of blessing, and of love.

They who persecute in his name, and who search men's consciences with the sword; who torture the body to convert the soul; who cause tears to flow, instead of drying them up; these men have not the spirit of Jesus.

Woe unto him who profanes the gospel by making it to men an object of terror! Woe unto him who writes the good tidings upon a bloody leaf!

Remember the catacombs.

In those days they led you to the scaffold, they gave you over to wild beasts in the amphitheatre for the amusement of the populace, they cast you into the bottom of deep mines and into prisons, they confiscated your property, they trod you under foot as dirt in the public places; and, to celebrate your proscribed mysteries, you had no other place of security than the catacombs, the bowels of the earth.

What said your persecutors? They said that you taught dangerous doctrines; that poor sect, as they called it, troubled social order and public peace; that, violators of the law, and the enemies of the human race, you shook the empire by shaking the religion of the empire.

In this distress, under this oppression, what was your peti-

tion? Liberty. You claimed the right to serve God only, and to serve him and worship him according to your own conscience.

When, even deceiving themselves in their belief, others shall claim from you this sacred right, respect it in them, as you required the heathen to respect it in you.

Respect it that you may not blight the memory of your confessors, that you may not sully the ashes of your martyrs.

Persecution has two edges : it wounds to the right hand and to the left.

If you remember not the instructions of Christ, remember the catacombs.

THE TWILIGHT WALK.

"The earth again puts on its evening dress,
And, waking yon innumerable stars,
A twilight, milder than the eye of day,
And fairer than the calm of night, is spread
O'er universal nature."

Not far from my own home is that of an aged couple. The drive to it is through a by-path, shaded on either side by elm and maple trees; while little wooden bridges, thrown across several gurgling streams, vary and add much beauty to the landscape.

For half a century, this poor but Christian couple have been sharers of each other's joys and sorrows; for with them, as with us all, "lights and shadows," by turns, have glided over the pathway. From the sacred hour in which they stood up to profess their love *for* and faith *in* a Saviour, they have endeavored to "walk in newness of life," placing their treasure above, where at death it will be found secure and fadeless.

The early part of the summer, I had been journeying about, and had only been at home a day or two, when I learned of the dangerous illness of "Old Daniel." He had always been so grateful for my previous little acts of kindness, that I determined to take the first leisure evening, and visit him.

The sun was just bidding a peaceful "good night," when I gathered from my garden a bouquet of its richest and most beautiful flowers. There was the "rose of the prairie" and the snow-white "flax," the crimson "verbena" and "pride of the meadow,"

with many varieties of small roses scattered over the dark green background, while the "white lily" overpowered with its fragrance all the other flowers.

This bouquet I carried in one hand, while the other bore a well-stored basket of delicacies, which I thought neither the infirm wife nor busy daughter could easily prepare for the invalid.

The air was just damp enough, after the intense heat of the day, to be pleasant; and, though it was early in the evening, the little birds had sought their nests in the bushes and trees by the road-side. Now and then, however, I heard the melancholy note of the robin calling to its tardy mate, or the distant voice of the "whip-poor-will," in some neighboring wood, fierce and loud enough to frighten all other feathered songsters into silence.

My knock at the half-open door was answered by the daughter, who was attending upon the old man; and I was immediately shown into his bedroom. Everything there was clean, neat, and comfortably arranged. The unpainted boards looked as if "soap and sand" had just whitened them, and the snowy counterpane bore testimony to the faithfulness of busy hands.

The old lady, who sat in a high-back rocking chair, leaning her head upon her hand, greeted me with her ever-placid smile of welcome, and placed a chair by her side for me to occupy. Her husband had just fallen asleep; so I would not waken him to give him the flowers, but handed them to his wife, who thanked me by looks as well as words for the bright messages of God's love to his earthly creatures.

That twilight hour of prayer and conversation I can never forget. I felt humbled and mortified to think I had ever murmured against my God for the few trials he had inflicted upon me, when these destitute, diseased fellow-beings were blessing their Father in heaven, every hour of the day, for his many gifts. I was happy in the consciousness of adding even a "mite" to make less bitter their cup of sorrow; and, during my solitary walk homeward, I was not sad or lonely, for the ministering spirit of a resigned heart and peaceful conscience attended my pathway.

One by one, the bright stars peeped out from the dark ether, till the whole heavens glowed in yellow light. When I fell asleep that night, visions of a day without a twilight came to my mind, and a life *without a "shady side"* was mine for ever.

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REV. JAMES THOMPSON, D.D.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS PREACHED AT BARRE AFTER DR. THOMPSON'S DEATH, BY REV. HENRY F. BOND, OF DOVER, N. H., SOME TIME COLLEAGUE WITH DR. T.

Psalm xcii. 12, 13, 14. — "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

You are familiar with the main events of Dr. Thompson's life. You have heard them from his own lips, or have read them in his discourse preached on his thirty-seventh anniversary, which was published; and they have very recently been repeated to you over his lifeless remains.

They are not remarkable for any great peculiarities; but they are well worthy our consideration, as acting a very important part in the formation of his character, and his fit preparation for your service. The circumstances of his life would afford a striking biography to those unfamiliar with the history of our commonwealth and with the character of our fathers; but they were only common with his cotemporaries and fellow-countrymen. It was occasion for gratitude with him, and should be with us, that the tenor of his life was so even. We should be thankful that he made so faithful a use of all his opportunities, and that he grew up into strong Christian manhood to be your teacher and guide under influences of puritanic simplicity and independence, when puritanic bigotry and austerity had been softened by the lapse of years. It was because he was born and reared near the old colony that he "early imbibed a respect for the institutions, customs, and manners of the Pilgrim Fathers, and a profound reverence of religion." It was by faithful adherence to the principles of the Reformation, which the New England Puritans professed, and which he was taught from his very childhood, that he afterwards became so successful a champion of religious liberty and toleration.

We could call his life more eventful, had he been born and bred under the influences of Buddhism in the Indies, or of Mahometanism on the borders of the Bosphorus, or of Romanism in Italy, or of infidelity in France, or of churchism in England;

but would it have been as well for him? Would it have been as well for you?

That he attended the ministrations of a New England clergyman, and was nurtured by New England parents, and thus became, what he was, a devoted minister of the gospel of Christ, is a far greater cause of gratitude than reminiscences of extraordinary events. He says, "My parents of the common walks of agricultural life were persons of humble and fervent piety; and being their only son, and, in the estimation of their venerated pastor, having considerable aptness to learn, they sought in my childhood to impress on my mind an elevated sense of the dignity and sacredness of the office of a minister of Jesus Christ, and to awake in my youthful bosom aspirations for its holy honors. And the voice especially of maternal piety and love, which I then heard inculcating what were believed to be the doctrines of our religion, I seem to hear still. I can never forget it. Neither old age, nor long separation, nor the love of children and grandchildren, can efface its remembrance nor destroy its influence. So strong, so enduring, are the impressions which the pious and devoted mother can make on the heart of her child."

It is matter of peculiar interest to me that he was what he was, because his life was not eventful. In his own sketch of himself, he does not even mention any time of conversion, or any marked season of religious excitement or spiritual quickening. Who laments this fact, or believes that it belies all the future professions and practice of his religious faith? Who will now question that best of all claims to the Christian name, — a whole life of Christian spirit and purpose? His boyhood and youth and manhood were *filled* with holy aspirations, fervent piety, humble reverence, and sincere gratitude. For my own part, I can have faith in a sudden conversion. Many good men relate marked religious experiences. Let the grace of God be welcomed, come when and how it may, — in the sunshine or the moonlight, in the tempest or the dew, in the earthquake or the evening calm. I would gratefully receive and acknowledge every quickening influence to the soul; yet I can but regard that as the most healthful spiritual growth which corresponds with outward nature, — "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." I would pray God to grant such experience to my children. I would labor diligently and prayerfully that it may

be this. I would follow, as I trust you will, the injunction of our departed father in the Lord, and "teach them early the truths of our holy faith, inculcate a reverence for all good institutions, and the duty of upholding them as they advance to riper years."

We can easily understand how gradual, as well as sure, would be the growth of a Christian from very infancy under a perfect organization of the family and the church. Approaching to this, was the spiritual development of him whose life we now gratefully recall.

There was a peculiar and rare completeness in the life of Dr. Thompson.

Growing up under the most wholesome influences, he entered upon his manhood in your service; in due course enjoyed all the domestic relations, from marriage to the birth of children and grandchildren, passed through middle age and old age with a good measure of physical health and great intellectual vigor, and died peacefully, after fifty years of professional labor, in the midst of dearest relatives and friends, and when his usefulness was but just perceptibly waning. As the sun rises in the east, reaches its zenith, and retains its brightness till it sets in the golden west. Even as it then illumines the atmosphere through which its rays have more directly penetrated, so must it be with the one under whose direct influence you so long have lived. You must feel his power over you still. Though dead, he yet speaks to you.

For fifty years Dr. Thompson was your spiritual guide. Fifty years! A period of what important length in the history of your community! Of what vast importance to innumerable souls! How great the power of any man for good or evil during so much time, especially of the Christian minister! No man was more fully aware of it than Dr. Thompson. He spoke of his ordination as "an event in your history, the influence of which, for weal or for woe, must be as lasting as your existence."

And, more lately, as he looked back upon the length of years, with characteristic humility he writes in a letter, "I hope you will leave a broader and deeper mark upon Dover than I have, in a long ministry, made on Barre. To be honest, I am exceedingly mortified that I have done no more, and secured no more of the gratitude and respect of the Barre people. But it is too late to

retrieve or alter the case." And he adds, no doubt with the same honest conviction, "I have done what I could, and the best could do no more. I have no compunctious visitings of conscience. I leave all in the hand of Omnipotent Love and Compassion."

But you, my friends, know better the extent of his influence than he. You know how many times your hearts have been thrilled by his words, and have been lifted to devotion by his earnest utterances of prayer. You know how, through him, you have learned to reverence God and the Holy Scriptures.

You can recall many services that have had special power over your souls, and from which, perhaps, you date the most holy aspirations and the best purposes of your lives. A parent, a companion, a son, or a daughter has been taken from you. He, the pastor and friend, in full sympathy for your sorrow, yet in firm reliance upon the promises of the gospel, has been the minister to you of sacred consolation. When the heart has been afflicted almost to distraction, you have learned to trust to God through Christ, and to Christ through him.

You recall him as your comforter in sickness, and have many misgivings that, had it not been for the words that he has spoken, and the prayers he has offered, you had been guilty of much impatience and repining and murmuring.

You have been united by him in the bonds of matrimony; and, though twoscore years ago, you do not forget the solemn injunctions to fidelity in the new relation upon which you were entering. You know that for these injunctions you have lived more peacefully with your partner, and nurtured the children God has given you with more Christian solicitude.

Now let each one of you who treasures up such blessed remiscences multiply the benefit he has received by the almost innumerable services that have been scattered through those *fifty years*. The lowest computation would number over 4000 preachments, 1100 funeral services, 500 baptisms, and 450 marriages.

What a host of influences are to be centered into the contemplations of this hour! Dr. Thompson himself, in the thirty-seventh annual discourse, to which I have already alluded, speaks with heartfelt satisfaction and just pride of his successful efforts to stay the progress of the French philosophy, and defend the gospel by presenting the evidences of revealed religion. Who shall measure your indebtedness to him for this good work? He

only who knows the secret thoughts of men. Two generations have come, and two have gone.

Those have entered upon their final rest with firmer confidence in the life, the character, the teachings, the death, the resurrection of the Lord, while these that remain are living the more righteously and prayerfully; for that same faith has been transmitted directly from pastor to people, and also from father to son, till its influence is now limited, not by town or state lines, neither by mountains nor rivers; no, not by the mighty ocean.

Character, arguments, emotions, ideas,—these live for ever; and the contemplation of the influence of fifty years of ministry is truly sublime.

That anniversary discourse of 1841 reminds me of a very important change in the character of pulpit services; a change for which we are indebted to Dr. Thompson more than to any other man of his day and vicinity.

There was, according to his words, a prevalent indefiniteness of religious views. "Here and there, one engaged in the ministry had worked his way clear out of the stony ground of Calvinism, and preached with plainness and power the unadulterated doctrines of the gospel. But, in general, we saw truth only as in a glass, darkly. A veil was over our minds. The true light did not shine into them; and our preaching, though in spirit and purpose not perhaps very faulty, was not calculated to edify the soul in religious knowledge." He speaks of one noble exception to this class of preachers, namely, Dr. Bancroft, by the side of whom we now place him. The words with which he characterized Dr. Bancroft may be spoken of him; for he, too, "set an example of clearness, force, and method in thinking, of plainness and boldness in speaking on doctrinal subjects, accompanied with a meekness of wisdom which inspired respect while it gave instruction."

It was not in the nature of Dr. Thompson's mind to continue comfortably in a cloud of indefiniteness or mystery. No man ever knew more clearly than he what his own views were on the main points of theology.

I ask you not to make any odious comparisons between him and others, and between your community and other communities. But picture to yourselves, if you can, what would have been your condition now, if, instead of having a preacher of clear and pene-

trating intellect, of wise intuitions, and of strong good sense, you had been permitted to dissipate your thoughts in a maze of abstractions and contradictions, and thus to becloud your very devotions.

The course Dr. Thompson took was consistent, because perfectly honest and true to his own convictions. The transition from Arminianism to Unitarianism was perfectly natural and rational, and no opposition or reproach could make him swerve from the distinct expression of his views.

I think I can say without fear of any denial, that religious controversy was neither coveted by him, nor congenial to the general tenor of his mind. He gloried in every fearless defence of what he believed rational Christianity, so long as there was occasion for it, but was heartily glad when theological warfare abated. During my acquaintance with him, his catholic spirit was large, and he rejoiced at every interchange of friendly feeling and office between the denominations. In a letter, he says, "I am sick of the bickerings of sectarians. I wish all heart-burnings and bickerings and exclusiveness were totally and for ever annihilated. God send us the peace and harmony of true Christianity."

Some of you well remember the separation of what is called, by a somewhat odious distinction, the *Evangelical Congregational Society*. I would allude to it with the greatest delicacy. God forbid that I should rouse any old animosity!

I would only remind you of the unkindness that was manifested towards our departed friend (more conscientiously, perhaps, than was then supposed), in order to assure you, that, to my knowledge, some were heartily ashamed of the course they had pursued in the blind zeal of religious excitement, and to quote from his own language to show that he himself left the world harboring no unkind feelings towards them.

Are not the following sentiments noble, such as one of truly Christian spirit only could utter? "The spirit of Christian frankness and candor, however, seem to demand from me a public declaration, that, with few exceptions, the course pursued and the means adopted in the formation of that church, were marked by as much tenderness to my feelings and standing as could reasonably have been expected. The leaders in this separation have already gone to their great account, and, I humbly hope, to enjoy the rest of God's people. With their bodies let us bury in eternal

oblivion anything which in their lives gave us pain. Peace to their sleeping dust! The peace of God to their souls! Having learned of the great Teacher, when reviled, to revile not again, let us harbor no feelings of unkindness towards any, and, as much as in us lies, endeavor to live peaceably with all men. It is matter for heartfelt rejoicing that the social harmony of this town, which was interrupted by the occasion of which I have been speaking, has been in a good degree restored, and that all the charities of good neighborhood are freely interchanged by the members of the two societies; and it is to be hoped that henceforth the only provocation between them may be the provoking one another to love and good works. Many of those who have gone out from us, I cannot but regard as my own children in the Lord; and most cheerfully do I bear record, that they have never ceased to treat me with the affection and respect of a father. Their fathers and mothers in the flesh I have followed to the grave, and have wept with them that we should see their faces no more. And I doubt not that when I am borne away to my resting-place, they too will walk after me, not without some signs of affectionate sadness." It was no little satisfaction to my departed friend, that many of those who have professed to dissent from his theology testified to their faith in his Christian character and spirit, and their hearts' affection for him as their early spiritual teacher and guide, by soliciting his consolations in sickness and his prayers at their graves.

I know, my friends, that now in this town, where his influence has been so widely spread and felt, there can hardly be one who has not dropped a tear at his departure, and been lifted to heavenly meditation and prayer.

Dr. Thompson had faith in Unitarianism. In one of his published discourses he says: "The *principles* we hold, in all their essential features, I believe in God with an assured faith, will prevail and spread for the blessing of mankind over the whole earth. I think I can discern, in the signs of the times, striking indications that the leading doctrines and principles of Unitarianism are now silently, and not quite invisibly, diffusing themselves through other denominations." But neither were his conversation nor his preaching confined to what was peculiar to his denomination. He loved to recognize Jesus as his Master, and

to teach whatever he taught. You know how he lately enjoined you to "remember that your church is built on the foundation of prophets and apostles; that Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone; and that no man can lay any other foundation that will not be swept away." "I would declare my undying conviction of the authority of Jesus Christ, as a teacher miraculously endowed, and sent from God, and my hope of forgiveness and the joy of heaven through the mercy revealed by him."

He may have been thought too fearful of innovation. Conservatism is almost necessarily associated with old age. But he was no alarmist. No one ever had a more firm faith in progress. No one was ever more reluctant to limit the interpretations of Scripture. He believed that more and yet more truth was to shine forth from the sacred volume. There was always a freshness about him; an interest in the advances of science, and of moral and theological reform.

On the subject of our greatest national sin, he was too reverent, and too trustful in the fundamental principles of the church organization, to be a follower of fanatics; but his abhorrence of slavery, I believe, was unmeasured and immeasurable, and you well remember how he sympathized with the Free Soil party, not organized till he had nearly reached his threescore years and ten, and wished not to deny the fact when publicly announced. You well remember, too, with what readiness he responded to the request to read in public one of Horace Mann's noblest anti-slavery efforts on the floor of Congress; conscious as he was, that his weight of character and years would enhance its influence. Had he been in the great city of your Commonwealth last week,* and witnessed her humiliation and degradation, bowing as she did to slave-despotism, his blood would have boiled with righteous indignation, and have shown to us how a heart that had always cherished humane sentiments could overcome the constitutional sluggishness of old age. If he was too reluctant to have exciting topics dwelt upon in the pulpit, we can surely forgive him. He had been more than human not to have been biassed by the customs of a long ministry, less than human not to love harmony and peace.

I gladly assert my conviction, that few men have reached his years in the ministry, to whom prejudice, growing out of old

* Preached early in June.

usage, has clung with so little tenacity. Hence it was, that those who held the position of colleagues with him in the ministry, ever found him kind and delicately considerate of their position. It is no small thing to say of him, that, as senior pastor, with the experience of years, and accustomed to full sway in the affairs of the society, he was never dictatorial, nor ever offensively obtruded his advice. In his treatment of me as his colleague, I would record him as a model of forbearance and of thoughtfulness. An affection grew up between us, matured by a common interest in the welfare of this society, never disturbed by any obtrusion of his superiority, which I should not have possessed the amiability to bear. Yet I felt his superiority all the more, and often gladly sought his counsel, which, in his characteristic modesty, he was even then only too reluctant to impart. And when he has stood in this pulpit, and so often craved your candor and consideration while he filled the place of a "younger and abler" preacher, it has saddened me almost to tears, that he did not in his old age enjoy a higher and more just estimate of his own abilities.

He was always modest, and it was with too great jealousy that he watched the encroachments of old age upon his mind as well as his body. The whole tenor of his conversation to his family and his intimate friends justifies this remark; and, in letters to me, he wrote, "I dread beginning at Hardwick: they will be disappointed in me. I am grown old, and worth less than they thought me formerly. Preaching begins to be a burden to me. I am dissatisfied with myself. I can't utter—I go home from church disappointed, and ashamed of my performances." And again, with reference to the same place, he says, "I am favored with full and attentive congregations; I am astonished, and I say it with entire sincerity, that so intelligent a people can endure the obsolete and antiquated services of your old friend and colleague." Again he writes, "I often think I see evils that ought to be removed; but, old and impotent, I have no power to do anything. I have no great confidence in my own judgment: in fact, I have an increasing sense of the number and daily developing infelicities of old age. God save me from fretfulness, ingratitude, and impatience!" There is sadness in such words; but they so illustrate an admirable trait in Dr. Thompson's character, that I could not refrain from quoting them.

Wherever Dr. Thompson supplied pulpits after relinquishing active duties in your field, his services were highly appreciated by those most competent to judge.

All his instruction, all his influence, was solid and substantial. Few communities have been blessed with such a man. He has been largely instrumental in establishing whatever is good in your characters and institutions, and his influence must descend to generations yet untold.

In his sabbath devotional services, and wherever he prayed with the sick and the afflicted, his aptness to the occasion, the peculiar appropriateness of his Scripture phraseology, and his fervor, will never be forgotten. May you recollect them with gratitude, and with a firm determination that you will be the wiser, the holier, and the happier for them !

As many of you will remember, Dr. Thompson was often called upon for extra and occasional services, and he has probably taken part in more ordinations than any clergyman in your county. He very frequently presided at councils and conferences, and with marked dignity, firmness, and impartiality. He enjoyed public occasions, and always retained his fondness for seeing all that was going on in the community.

Strangers sometimes thought him cold and reserved; but he was very strong in his attachments, very sympathetic, and too sincere ever to express more than he felt. Nay, to those who did not understand him, he did not express as much as he felt. He was not indiscriminate in his associates, but evidently loved best to converse with those whom he regarded his equals or superiors.

And now let me recur to the more recent events of his life. He anticipated the great occasion of last winter with the profoundest interest, and I think his earnest prayer to God was that he might live to see that day. And, when it was over, I can imagine his saying with readiness, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." That was, indeed, an important era in his life and in your lives. But for years there had been what he regarded unmistakable warnings that his career must soon close: indeed he had passed the threescore years and ten usually allotted to man. But his prayer was heard; his strength was

remarkably sustained; and the discourse that was then uttered, and is now published, will ever be valued by you as among the precious fruits of his old age. It was extraordinary that he could pronounce it with so firm and distinct a voice. Dr. Thompson so retained his vigor of mind and his freshness of heart, and was so uncomplaining, that it was not realized how feeble he was, and how much he suffered. His gratitude for the scenes of that eventful day ought to be recorded. It is recorded in your hearts. I know that you must find sweet satisfaction in the thought that you did something to cheer and comfort him in his last days. A few short weeks have gone. It seems but yesterday that I was here; and you have been called together to accompany the lifeless remains to the grave, and now again have assembled to listen to my imperfect, but heartfelt, tribute to his memory.

He has gone. He who has many, many times warned you, has gone to render his account. Nothing could save him, as nothing can possibly save you, from the solemn and dread experience of death. He had attained a ripe old age. As much may not be granted to you. Comparatively *few* of you will number as many years. He was warned by the encroachments of disease and time. You may not be. But I beseech you, remember his blessed instructions, and follow his example of affection, humility, reverence, and submission. In youth, in manhood, and in old age, may you bear the fruits of wisdom and piety, and finally render up an acceptable account of your stewardship! May he who was the minister of Christ to you on earth rejoice in an increasing congregation of the redeemed in heaven!

Friends, as you love to cherish his memory now, and would do him honor, consider what he would wish of you. No pomp of funeral service, no tears at his departure, could be one thousandth part so acceptable to his sanctified spirit as the faithful observance of his ministrations. As there is joy in heaven over the righteous and devoted lives of those on earth, so let the desire of his approbation be a fresh stimulus to your fidelity. He was to his last days intensely interested in this society, and solicitous for its welfare. Let that love of peace and harmony which was so characteristic of him, and which he considered so essential to the prosperity of a society and the good influence of its pastor, be carefully cherished. Under certain circumstances,

too much may be sacrificed to it, as he well knew. But we can certainly afford to sacrifice prejudice, personal animosities, and party feeling. Sure as there is an omnipresent God, a revelation through Jesus Christ, an immortal soul, and an undying conscience, you need an earnest expounder of religious truth, stated seasons of worship, and a calm spirit of devotion.

It is gratifying to us to think, that he closed his days as he wished to close them; having worked in the vineyard almost to the last, having full faith in the goodness of God, and being spared the anticipated pangs of death.

May the consolations of the gospel, which he has so often administered, afford peace and submission to his family, and to us all! And may the instructions of his death, as well as of his life, be sanctified to us!

THE WHITE HILLS.

A PASTOR'S WORDS TO HIS FLOCK.

"Bright summer everywhere!"

THESE weeks of the summer time open the doors of our northern home; and we go forth from wonted retirement in houses and cities, and stand in the open world. It is the season for travelling, and no people on earth travel so much as do Americans. Professional duties have called me abroad more than usual this summer; and, in my long journeys, the thought of God's great teaching, universal and so various, has been sinking deeper and deeper into my heart.

We are apt to feel as Jacob did. In his childhood and youth, he had learned to think that Jehovah was present in his father's tent, and among the neighboring hills and valleys where he tended the flocks and herds; but at length, when a young man, he started on a journey to his mother's distant home, he felt alone when he lay down at night with the earth for his bed, a stone his pillow, and the open sky his canopy; and, when God came then in the silent night with visions and words to teach him of his destiny, he rose up surprised, exclaiming, "Surely the

Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." And, turning his eyes to the wide-spreading land and the solemn cope of the night-heavens, he said, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." So are we apt to have devout thought of God in our church, or at the family-altar, if there be one; and well for us is it that the Father comes to us upon our journeyings with lessons so striking and significant, as full of meaning as was the ladder of the prophet's vision, and gives assurance that our Teacher never leaves us.

As we go bounding on upon our journeys, impelled by a power that seems a part of Omnipotence, and send back to friends at home news of safe arrivals by another agency that seems a part of Omnipresence, and we so frail amidst these mysterious, awful agencies, — how can the thought fail to come uppermost of Him who commandeth all the lightnings, and they come and say, "Here we are;" of Him whom storming vapor and every element obeyeth; of Him who says to his children, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Fear not, for I am with thee." Behold how the gracious Father is opening the world to us; putting elemental forces in our hands for use, and teaching us, each generation more and more, to be lords of this lower world.

See how he is teaching us to make all things ours: separating distances shrink to a span, and the experience of a patriarch's lifetime is brought into a single year. Taught of God indeed we are. He it is who opens the discoverer's way, and quickens the inventor's thought, and teaches the human reason to go sounding on over the yet unexplored sea of human possibilities. Taught of God, and happy for us, if, with all our gettings, we do not lose our grateful reverence and child-like humility.

And think what illustrious lessons of his mighty power and glorious goodness God is holding up before us. Behold upon the walls of our great dwelling-place, upon every side of our school-room, the pictured images and significant emblems of the ideas he would enshrine within our souls!

The skilful teacher seeks access to the mind of his pupil through every sense; and sights and sounds and associations, all are made to aid the work of instruction, to enforce the abstract lesson; and so is God teaching us. To know him is the divine

science. The Bible-Christ gives the lessons: by supernatural revelations, the Father has declared himself; and when by Christ the clue is put into our hands, then nature helps us; —

“The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.”

I have returned from what I believe the grandest tour upon this continent. No Christian traveller could pass through such a magnificent gallery of scene-pictures, made and placed before his sight by God himself, without profounder worship.

Leaving Niagara, but taking along with me the thought of its glorious beauty and voice of power, I passed onward over Ontario, — a sea for commerce amidst the most fertile regions, which, like all our western lakes, is to be a Mediterranean for states famous as Egypt, Greece, Carthage, and Rome, — and entered the noble St. Lawrence. Upon its broad, deep, and rapid stream, we were borne along; and, in one of the finest of our northern summer afternoons, we passed that thirty miles in which are contained the thousand islands, — seventeen hundred, it is said, some but green tufts and single clumps of trees, and others of some acres; so many beautiful emeralds upon the bosom of the fair waters. I know not where God has given to his children another scene so picturesque as this. Then, as we descended the river, we were often passing amidst larger islands, with the richer beauty of cultivation. Onward we went. The great river, as if in haste to humble itself in preparation for meeting the greater ocean, rushed downward again and again with dashing, boiling rapids, that told us we were light as dry leaves of the wood, and, but for the immortal soul within us, not half so potent as they. Mortal man and his works seem very fragile amidst the hurrying floods and rocks of La Chine.

We left the St. Lawrence near where its flood of waters, gathered from nearly half a continent, meets the tide of the sea, and turned our course to where God makes the *mountains* praise and glorify him.

A half day's journey brought us where the Connecticut, having taken its rise in an almost unknown lake, and worn its way through mountain passes, first unfolds its robe of beauty by spreading upon its banks those broad, smooth, fertile meadows, a long succession of which, skirted by mountains and hills,

makes its course a scene of surpassing loveliness. Lancaster, N. H., where I enjoyed a sabbath, and preached to a congregation that is earnestly striving to build up a truly liberal and Christian church, lies near the Connecticut, in the centre of a large vale, with hills around and mountain ranges in the distance, shutting it up a world by itself. The Green Mountains of Vermont make its western horizon; to the east rise the towering peaks of the White Hills about twenty miles distant. On the south is the Franconia range, hardly inferior to the White Hills, of which, indeed, they are a part, separated only by the Notch; while on the north rise smaller mountains, and the two Stratford Needles, — high cones of white rock, striking objects in the landscape.

I had never seen the White Hills; and, having left the confinement of the railway cars, as I approached Lancaster on the highest seat the top of the stage could give me, I first saw them, lifting their high heads above the nearer hills, half hidden by a hazy veil that a hot summer's afternoon had thrown over them. Silent, solemn, mysterious, there they stood; and I will tell you the thought that came to my mind. I have never seen Thorwaldsen's group of statuary, — colossal figures of Christ and his Apostles; but from descriptions I have imagined them invested with a lofty moral grandeur; and as I saw those mountains standing like a band of brothers about the loftier one, with their half-veiled heads, I said, Behold Thorwaldsen's Christ and his Apostles! They seemed beings of life; silent guardians of our father's dear New England.

Mountains always act strongly upon the imagination. When the Israelites, who had lived upon the flat bottoms of the Nile, came to Sinai, they trembled with awe at the sight of those towering peaks; and when they learned that Jehovah's presence invested the solemn heights, they fell down with their faces to the earth. Tradition says that the Indians thought the Great Spirit dwelt on the White Hills, and therefore no trees could grow near their summits; and, when hunting elk and deer, if the herd ran up the mountains, the hunters stopped where the trees ceased to grow, and tremblingly retired from the awful presence that haunted the bald peaks.

I visited the mountains; stood at their feet, and looked up their rugged acclivities; went through the Notch, a deep gorge, just

wide enough for the road and a little mountain stream, with craggy precipices far up on either side; saw where a few years ago a whole family was overwhelmed by an avalanche of rocks and earth; and finally ascended to the top of Mount Washington, and passed a night at the Summit House. A thin mist, driven by a strong wind, covered the peaks of the mountains, and deprived me of the magnificent panorama, which, in a clear atmosphere, is there opened by God to his children. But even the mist seemed to have a kindly spirit towards us, and would break, and open here and there views of our surroundings, very grand and beautiful: now the high heads of other mountains around Washington, and now again the upper surface of dense clouds below us, that looked like a tempest-tost ocean; and then, a bird's-eye view of the Connecticut meadows, and the mountain-girted vale from which we came up to our high watch-tower.

The whole of what may be called the White Mountain region, including an area of more than twenty miles in diameter, is a wild, rugged landscape, having gaps, valleys, and leaping streams, and more high peaks than is generally supposed; one nearly 6300 feet in height, ten over 5000, and nearly thirty between 4000 and 5000.

There are those who think lightly of the moral significance of material scenes and objects; and there be some who deem it a slight to the Bible and the Saviour's words even to look to the ocean, the mountain, the river, the cataract, the night-heavens, for religious quickening. I would be grateful for a written revelation, and that the word has been made flesh to dwell among us, full of grace and truth; like a child, I would sit at the Saviour's feet, and never leave him,—no, *never* leave the Saviour. Nor need we leave Jesus when we contemplate nature: when we turn where God teaches by vast diagrams of power and glorious beauty, Christ goes with us, points to nature, to sun and rain and birds and flowers, to illustrate truths in God. Yes, take Christ's teachings with you when you go to see the wonders of creation. They will open your eyes to the moral significance of nature, and prepare your heart to receive the lessons the Father seeks to give you.

But, says one, "Men are not religiously affected by material nature, and why divert the attention of serious minds by referring to it, or spend time in gazing at it?" No doubt there are

men who can look on a summer's sunset, or stand on Table Rock, or float down the magnificent St. Lawrence, or look around from the summit of Mount Washington, or be in a storm at sea, and not behold God's awful majesty, nor hear his voice of power, nor see his smile of love. And so there are men who can read the Gospels, and see no heaven opening above them, and think of no love in such offers of redeeming grace; and look on Jesus, and hear his word, and see his holiness, and not believe, or even think that God *in him* is manifest.

Let no dull insensibility make you blind to glorious nature, nor be persuaded that your emotions, prompted by nature, are only fancy's dreams. Christ sends us to nature, shows us the Father working there; and, when our souls are moved by the Father's *great* creation of material works, we turn with a profounder reverence to the Father's GREATER SON. Coming from the lakes, rivers, and mountains, that look down upon the sea, I rejoice to meet you here at the communion festival of Christ. With my mind so recently filled with admiring thoughts of what God by his material works has done to quicken our souls, I can the better appreciate him who is made the wisdom of God and the power of God for our redemption from sin, and growth in holiness. God's works, and God's Son, — behold! friends, the Saviour on the mount of Nature uplifted by so magnificent a preparation, and transfigured before our sight! Grateful let us be for glorious nature; but this could not save a world of sinners, and we will say with Paul, —

“Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.”

G. W. H.

KATE A TEACHER.

(Continued from page 83.)

“You will go with me, mother?”

“No: why should I?”

“I have an old childish dread of the place. I feel as if I should want to keep fast hold of your gown, as of old, and look over my shoulder like little Marty.”

“Nonsense!”

“I know it. But do go.”

"It is not for Mrs. Greenleaf to make a visit at the work-house, taking an absurdly timid little girl with her. Miss Catharine Greenleaf, the Sunday-school teacher, makes a call on one of her pupils."

"The dignity of teacher fell upon my shoulders too suddenly. The more I think of it, trying to realize my position, the more like a little child I feel."

"It is well. Be like a little child. God leads the humble."

Kate was silent.

"God 'chooses the weak things of the world to confound the wise.' Words of yours, that seem to you mere chance, may have a mission to perform, when the wisest sermons could not find a hearing."

"The foolishness of teaching, as well as the foolishness of preaching, which Paul speaks of, may be turned to good by a power given to it, I know. I feel that I am an instrument, more than an agent; and I have faith that I may do *some* good, or I would give up the very next Sunday. Still, I never undertook anything that made me so anxious and uneasy. Do the other teachers feel so, I wonder?"

"I never knew a good one who did not feel painfully the responsibility, till time brought encouragement, by evidence of success."

"I already begin to expect my scholars to show improvement."

"Seed-time and harvest together?"

"Lucy Anne evidently softens. Marty is not obedient, but loves me already."

"Don't be too easily encouraged, or expect too much, lest any untoward appearances should dishearten you in proportion. But you must get your experience as you go along."

"But you will go with me to see Nancy and the old people?"

"I do not wonder you are a little childish about this matter. It seems but yesterday to me that you were promoted to the wearing of long dresses. Time, it seems, has not yet undertaken to remodel your old melancholy ideas about the poor-house."

"Time? It must *always* be painful to see so many unfortunate people at once. I shall always feel sad about poverty, and incapacity and vice — always. And to go in all the glow of youth, health, and prosperity, and gaze curiously upon them in their seclusion, seems unfeeling. I shrink from doing it."

"To them, things look differently. It will cheer them to see you, dear; and you will not find them all sad and discontented, as you suppose."

"At least, I shall think of the vagrant and vicious, the idiotic and insane, under the same roof. I hear dismal rumors of a cage in the cellar, where a madman growls in dark and brutish abandonment. I shiver when I think of a yell I once heard as I passed the grating."

"No wonder. I shudder, too, at such a fate for a human being. I shall live to see the day, I hope, when the state will provide more humane asylums for its insane poor. Till then, fear and ignorance will make violent cases hopeless, by needless cruelty."

"I feel very nervous. I wish I had not promised Nancy."

Mrs. Greenleaf knew that argument would produce little effect on Kate's mood. She wavered a little about going with her, lest her sensitive nature might meet with some shock. She would have preferred to do so. But she reflected that her darling could not always be petted and led by the hand. Kate had a duty before her, and must now learn to conquer the fastidious self-love which maternal tenderness had too long indulged."

"I must put it off," said Kate after pacing the floor awhile. But books, embroidery, piano, all were found, on trial, to have lost their accustomed interest.

"O Nance, Nance! how you haunt me! I cannot settle down to anything till she is off my mind, that is plain. I wish Caroline would happen in, as she did when I dreaded that call on Mrs. Nelson."

"Be Caroline yourself for once. Rouse your energy and good sense."

Kate laughed. She changed her light, tripping step for Caroline's emphatic tread, and affected an abrupt, loud, spirit-stirring tone of voice, as she bustled about to get ready. As she was setting off, the cook handed her a basket, remarking that Aunt Trimmer could not go her rounds, since her paralytic stroke.

"Let the children take it in. She is such a briar! She detains me for ever."

"Shouldn't you be a briar, Miss Kate, if you was lone, and a'most helpless, and no soul to speak to?"

"Well, I'll take it. I have time enough, I confess," said Kate, with a rueful smile. The cook looked after her lovingly, and wondered, as she noticed the exquisite neatness of her dress, whether there would be a decent spot for any one to sit down in a room not often cleaned when its occupant was better able to do it.

At the door of the half-ruinous tenement of "Aunt Trimmer," Kate found Lucy Anne Hoyt. The girl's face was illuminated for an instant with a smile of genuine pleasure, and Kate's heart warmed to her as she saw it.

"Got some chick'n broth here for Granny Trimmer. What is't you've fetched in that basket? None o' my business, I suppose. But if I knowed, Miss Nelson would be sure not to send the very same thing to-morrow, you see. She don't like the old woman, nor never did. But she wouldn't let her suffer, Mrs. Nelson wouldn't." Peeping under the napkin as Kate lifted a corner, — "Oh, I never! When I am old and sick, will ever anybody send *me* such nice trade? Porridge will be the best I'll get."

"Be kind to the sick all your life, and you will deserve attention in return," said Kate.

"Miss Trimmer was a nuss, to be sure, but 'twas for hire," shrewdly observed Lucy Anne.

"Money pays for labor, but not for kindness," said Kate. "Love is the wages for that."

The child's face was visited by a beautifying gleam, not quite a smile. They went in; and, when they came out, their young hearts were equally sad. They stopped on the side-walk, as they were about to part.

"It is really very dismal," said Kate.

"I declare I do pity her," said Lucy Anne. "Afraid of dying alone in the night! A plenty o' neighbors in the daytime. I would not mind staying there o' nights myself, if Miss Nelson will let me."

"Shouldn't you be afraid! Suppose she should have another attack in the night, and you alone with her?"

"Why, what would it do to me? And if the doctor's to be called in the night, I could jest run over across, and call up Mr. Gookin."

Kate felt that she could not have undertaken such an office.

She shook the girl's hand, which hung awkwardly, heavy, and unresponsive, and said, "I am glad you are willing to do this good deed."

"Jest as lives. Good-by, Miss — a — a, what's her name?" muttered Lucy Anne, turning her back on Kate and Kate's praise, to hide certain new and strange emotions. To her young teacher, she seemed most particularly sulky and uncivil and incomprehensible, just then. They parted. Kate's meditations on Lucy Anne's benevolent alacrity were useful to her. She took it as a lesson, and was ashamed of her reluctance to perform her own self-imposed task. "What good does it do me to know my duty better than that child, when I have not the heart to be willing to do it?" thought she. "Knowing is little without doing." She tripped cheerfully up the flight of steps that led to the poor-house door, and was admitted by Nance Truman.

"You!" she said in a whisper, "the parson is up in the sick-room. He's just going to prayer with old Uncle Mark, that they think is struck o' death. Will you go up, long of me and the rest?" Kate did not refuse. She kept close behind Nancy, and stepped lightly into the room to a seat that was pointed out to her. It was a large and airy chamber, with two beds in opposite corners. Each had its pale and emaciated tenant; but, when she looked upon the face of old Mark, she knew what was meant by the expression Nancy had used. The faces of all in the room wore an expression of awe. A woman bathed the lips and the sunken temples of the dying man, and wept silently. Kate's heart and eyes were full, yet she did not wish she had not come in. She felt elevated by the solemn interest of the scene. She saw that the departing sufferer was lifted above pain and fear, and was beyond sorrow. A smile was upon his lips, and his half-closed eyes seemed to look beyond the earth, with a serenity which nothing earthly could disturb. There was a sound of many feet and a murmur of voices in the entry, and the inmates of the house poured in, and nearly filled the room. Among them were decrepit old women, unable to walk without help; old men, one wholly blind, another with long white hair and beard, and nearly bent double; children, whose merry, unconscious faces, and playful struggles with each other, were in strange contrast with the scene; a wayfarer with a staff and a bandaged foot; some lame, some deformed, some under-witted, some with faces

whose expression and hue showed that worse than bodily evils had made them paupers.

The bustle of their entrance having subsided, the voice of the minister was heard, low, distinct, and solemn; but Kate's mind was unable to follow his words as she wished. The restless, mischievous movements of the children, and the shifting of the grotesque figures before her, all strangely eager to gaze upon the spectacle of death, disturbed her thoughts. She closed her eyes, but the crowd was not shut out; all emotion was quenched, and the words of the prayer fell coldly on her ear. "Why am I not affected by words that ought to move me deeply? Is my heart so hard, my faith so weak!" thought she, dejectedly. "What is this feeling of unreality, too, which makes all these human beings so like flitting shadows or dreams!" Was it because the spiritual world had been brought so near, and the instinctive sense of the invisible made stronger than the perceptions of the bodily senses? She knew not; but the unnatural insensibility, which was so painful, departed with the noisy crowd. As she saw the dying Christian, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised, and the wife kneeling with her face buried in the bed-clothes, Kate's bosom heaved with sudden and strong feelings, which found vent in audible sobs.

"Who is it?" whispered the wife, whose ear was caught by the inarticulate evidence of sympathy. The clergyman whispered Kate's name.

"What, Miss Kate Greenleaf, *his* daughter?" she exclaimed aloud. The dying man turned his eyes towards Kate, as she approached the bed.

"Perhaps he can see you yet, and knows who it is." He feebly lifted his hand, and Kate put hers into it. The cold touch sent a thrill through her frame.

"He is going to meet your father among the saints in heaven," said a voice. Kate pressed the death-cold fingers with a feeling of hope that the departing spirit might bear to him her mute message, her thoughts of love and holy purpose; her trust that he was near her—with her—in every good work she should attempt to perform. She stood with her warm hand throbbing in the ice-cold clasp, and looked upon that peaceful face, till the last breath was drawn, and all was still.

(To be continued.)

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE, ON THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

BY REV. J. G. FORMAN.

'Tis just nine years ago, dear Bess,
 When, in the morning of our life,
 We took our vows of faithful love,
 And you became my trusting wife.
 'Twas on a fair and dewy morn,
 With earnest faith, and hand in hand,
 Our life-long journey we commenced,
 Hoping to reach the heavenly land.

A rough and thorny way it is
 We've journeyed these few fleeting years,
 Yet flowers have bloomed along our path,
 And faith has banished all our fears;
 And in life's trials we have been
 Each other's confidence and stay,
 And love has lightened every step,
 And cheered us on our destined way.

Rich mercies has our Father sent,
 To crown and bless our earthly lot,
 And many tokens of his love,
 That ne'er by us shall be forgot;
 And not the least of these, dear Bess,
 Are all our precious cherubs, four,
 The innocent and happy group,
 That play around our cottage-door.

How oft — returning from the world,
 To find our home, our blest retreat —
 Their merry voices greet my ear,
 And tramping sounds of little feet;
 The baby lifts his tiny hands,
 And clambers up his father's knee,
 And the glad shout that "papa's come"
 Fills the whole house with noise and glee!

Your friendly hand is clasped in mine,
 Your kiss of welcome makes me blest,
 And in the radiance of your smile
 I find my happiness, my rest.
 Oh joyous hours! when I can sit
 With you, my gentle wife, apart,
 And feel your deep, confiding love
 Twining its tendrils round my heart.

How oft, beneath the spreading elm
 That casts its shade around our door,
 We've sat upon a summer's eve,
 And viewed the smiling landscape o'er;
 And from the setting sun have seen
 A golden light spread o'er the west,
 That imaged to the eye of faith
 The region of eternal rest.

When we have reached that heavenly land,
 Where all our best affections tend,
 Our dream of life will then be past,
 Our toilsome journey at its end:
 There we shall rise to endless youth,
 There faith itself be lost in sight,
 And guardian angels lead us through
 The realms of glory and of light.

Father! whose gracious Providence
 And tender care are over all,
 Preserve us from temptation's power,
 Nor let us into danger fall;
 Help us to keep the holy charge
 Which in thy mercy thou hast given,
 And lead us in the perfect way
 That brings us all to thee and heaven.

Rose of Sharon for 1855.

THE GOLD AND SILVER TREE OF SLAVERY.

COME, all who human rights revere,
 Come, all ye brave and free,
 And let us gaze awhile upon
 This gold and silver tree !

Its trunk of polished silver seemed ;
 Its branches, bright and fair,
 Stretched far and wide their giant arms,
 That glittered in the air.

Around its head clear rainbow-hues
 In circling glory rolled ;
 The blossoms all were diamonds bright,
 And all the leaves were gold.

The sap that fed this silver tree,
 And through its branches strayed,
 Was not from nature's fountain drawn,
 Or nature's storehouse made ;

Oh, no ! 'twas quite another thing
 That nourished every part ;
 'Twas blood from human bosoms drawn,
 Fresh from the beating heart.

In blood its roots were steeped ; and blood
 In secret flowed around ;
 While clustering leaves concealed the fruit
 That on this tree was found.

The breeze that waved its brilliant leaves
 Was formed of human sighs ;
 The showers that o'er its blossoms fell
 Were tears from human eyes.

But, oh, the fruit ! the bitter fruit
 Its blossoms did enfold ;
 Its every *touch* pollution was
 To body and to soul.

Come, all who hope for better days,
Come, all ye good and free,
And let us see the fruit that grows
Upon this silver tree : —

It bore a talisman of power
To turn all wrong to right ;
'Twas right to rob, 'twas right to steal,
To murder, and to fight ;

'Twas right to sever nature's ties,
So strong and holy made ;
The mother from her child to tear,
The human soul degrade.

To sell a *man*, with heart and head,
A body and a soul ;
To sell him like a common thing, —
God's image sell for gold !

Yet see, this golden upas-tree
Still wide and wider spreads,
And over all the sunny South
Its deadly venom sheds.

Wider and wider still it spreads,
Though rotten to the core ;
And deeper still its roots extend,
Though steeped in human gore.

What says the South, the blood-stained South,
For all her guilt and shame ?
She sowed broadcast the seeds of woe,
And she must reap the same.

Shrouded in mystery and gloom,
Scarce seen his threatening eye,
The genius of the future came,
And raised his standard high ;

And written on his blood-red flag
Was seen, while waving slow, —
"Oceans of blood have nursed this tree,
And blood for blood must flow."

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

IN our last number, we gave a brief account of the origin, antecedents, and biasses of the "Westminster." Another of Scott & Co.'s cheap five-fold group is the "Edinburgh;" the great pioneer and patriarch of the modern empire of journalism, almost precisely co-eval with the century. Its beginning was an epoch in the history of letters. The reading world can never again know the same sort of interest, — authors can never again know the same sort of terror, — that waited on the successive issues of that unsparing and inexorable censor. Some of the most entertaining and instructive incidents of those times belong to the early fortunes of this potent and awful judiciary, with its self-delegated powers. Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham, became literary dictators. Smith's fun was as fearful as Jeffrey's fury. Now and then, an author was found, like Byron, with audacity enough to brave this northern despotism; and it was unquestionably a despotism too irresponsible to be let alone. The competitors that have sprung up to restrain this somewhat capricious, but always able and masterly, organ, — sometimes resisting its Whig politics, and sometimes combating its canons of criticism, — have scarcely affected its circulation, or modified its opinions. The brilliant role of writers that have graced English scholarship, scourged public abuses, advocated Catholic emancipation and reform, and summoned Parliament to account, through its pages, beginning with such names as we have mentioned, and those of Mackintosh, Napier, and Macaulay, Lord Holland and Grey, has lengthened into too formidable an array to be copied. The present editor is Prof. George Cornewall Lewis, well known as a writer on Political Economy, and sometime member of Parliament. The "Edinburgh" has thrown off, in good measure, its religious indifferentism, and, by the aid of such strong and believing thinkers as Rogers, has rendered worthy services to a positive Protestant faith. In this department, however, it is second to its young rival, the "North British." The July No., just received, contains articles on the "Diplomatic History of the Eastern Question," "Teetotalism and Laws against the Liquor Trade," "Hermann's *Æschylus*," "Kafir Wars and Cape Policy," "The

Great Social Problem," "The Orders in Council on Trade during War," "Marshal on the Representation of Minorities," "European Emigration to the United States," and "The Russian War of 1854." Several of these articles are too small for their titles. That on Temperance is moderate, but as advanced in moral sentiment as could be expected. That on the Kafirs is highly instructive.

LARGE PARTIES.

We copy two or three further sensible paragraphs from the article in the "Westminster," referred to in our last No. : —

"This indeed is the fatal mischief which these conventions entail, — a mischief to which every other is secondary. They destroy all those highest of our pleasures which they profess to minister to. All institutions are alike in this, — that, however useful and needful even they originally were, they not only in the end cease to be so, but become detrimental. Whilst humanity is growing, they continue fixed; daily get more mechanical and unvital; and by and by tend to strangle what they before preserved. It is not simply that they become corrupt and fail to act: they become obstructions. Old forms of government finally grow so oppressive, that they must be thrown off even at the risk of reigns of terror. Old creeds end in being dead formulas, which no longer aid, but distort and arrest, the general mind; whilst the State-churches administering them come to be instruments for subsidizing conservatism and repressing progress. Old schemes of education, incarnated in public schools and colleges, continue filling the heads of new generations with what has become relatively useless knowledge; and, by consequence, excluding knowledge which is useful. Not an organization of any kind, — political, religious, literary, philanthropic, — but what, by its multiplying regulations, its accumulating wealth, its yearly addition of officers, and the creeping into it of patronage and party feeling, eventually loses its original vitality, and sinks into a mere lifeless mechanism, worked with a view to private ends, — a mechanism which not merely fails of its first purpose, but is a positive hindrance to it. Thus is it, too, with social usages. We read of the Chinese that they have 'ponderous ceremonies transmitted from time immemorial,' which destroy all pleasure in social intercourse. The court-forms prescribed by monarchs, for their own convenience, have, in all times and places, ended in consuming the comfort of their lives. And so the artificial observances of the dining-room and saloon, in proportion as they are many and strict, extinguish that agreeable communion which they were originally intended to secure. The terms in which people commonly speak of society that is 'formal' and 'stiff' and 'ceremonious,' and the dislike they feel to it, imply the general recognition of this fact; and this recognition, logically developed, involves that all usages of behavior, which are not based on natural requirements, are injurious. That these conventions defeat their own ends is no new assertion. Swift, criticizing the manners of his day, says: 'Wise men are often more uneasy at the over-civility of these refiners than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants and mechanics.'

"But it is not only in these details that the self-defeating action of our arrangements is traceable; it is traceable in the very substance and nature of them. Our social intercourse, as commonly managed, is a mere semblance of the reality sought. What is it that we want? Some sympathetic converse with our fellow-creatures; some converse that shall not be mere dead words, but the vehicle of living thoughts and feelings; converse in which the eyes and the face shall speak, and the tones of the voice be full of meaning; converse which shall make us feel no longer alone, but shall make us one with another, and double our own emotions by adding another's to them. Who is there that has not, from time to time, felt how cold and flat is all this talk about politics and science, and the new books and the new men, and how a genuine outflow of fellow-feeling outweighs the whole of it? Mark the words of Bacon: 'For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.' If this be true, then it is only after acquaintance has grown into intimacy, and intimacy has ripened into friendship, that the real communion which men need becomes possible. A rationally-formed circle must consist almost wholly of those on terms of familiarity and regard, with but one or two strangers. What folly, then, underlies the whole system of our grand dinners, our 'at homes,' our evening-parties, — assemblages consisting of people who never met before; people who just bow to each other; people who, though familiar, feel mutual indifference; with just a few real friends lost in the general mass. You need but look round at the artificial expressions of face, to see at once how it is. All have their disguises on; and how can there be sympathy between masks? No wonder, then, that in private every one exclaims against the stupidity of these gatherings. No wonder that hostesses get them up rather because they must than because they wish. No wonder that the invited go less from the expectation of pleasure than from fear of giving offence. The whole thing is a gigantic mistake, — an organized disappointment.

"And then note, lastly, that in this case, as in all others when an organization has become effete and inoperative for its legitimate purpose, it comes to be employed for quite other ones, — quite opposite ones. What is the usual plea put in for giving and attending these tedious assemblies? 'I admit that they are stupid and frivolous enough,' replies every man to your criticisms; 'but then, you know, one must keep up one's connections.' And could you get from his wife a sincere answer, it would be, 'Like you, I am sick of these frivolities; but then, we must get our daughters married.' On the one hand, there is a profession to push, a practice to gain, a business to extend; or parliamentary influence, or country patronage, or votes, or office to be got; position, births, favors, profit. Worthless for their ostensible purpose of daily bringing human beings into pleasurable relations with each other, these cumbrous appliances of our social intercourse are now perseveringly kept in action, with a view to the pecuniary results which they indirectly produce.

"There needs, then, a protestantism in social usages. Forms that have ceased to facilitate, and have become obstructive, — whether political, religious, or other, — have ever to be swept away, and are so swept away eventually, in all cases. Signs are not wanting that some change is at hand. A host of satirists, led on by Thackeray, have been for years engaged in bringing our sham-festivities, and our fashionable follies, into contempt; and, in their candid moods, most men laugh at the frivolities with which

they and the world in general are deluded. Ridicule has always been a revolutionary agent. That which is habitually assailed with sneers and sarcasms cannot long survive. Institutions that have lost their roots in men's respect and faith are doomed; and the day of their dissolution is not far off. The time is approaching, then, when our system of social observances must pass through some crisis, out of which it will come purified and comparatively simple."

PUBLICATIONS.

Rev. Dr. Lunt's Sermon on the "Trial of the Spirits."—Probably most preachers have, at one time or another, meditated discoursing directly of the "manifestations" called "spiritual." If all could have done so with the dignity and refinement of this sermon, and characteristic of its author, great good might perhaps have been accomplished. The rare temptations offered by the subject to a satirical or denunciatory treatment, are here, in good part, avoided. Dr. Lunt neither accepts nor discredits the alleged facts as facts, but addresses his argument to a higher mark. He says:—

"And this brings us to the important inquiry, What relation does this subject of spiritual communications bear to religion, and in what light it is viewed by Christianity? Certainly, religion treats of this class of subjects. In them the human mind has always felt a profound, enduring interest. And there must surely be some legitimate and edifying method of dealing with them. We may say in general that such subjects belong to the soul, and not to the senses. They are to be verified by doctrine, not by demonstration. The ever-renewed curiosity felt by mankind to penetrate the mystery of the spiritual world, as well as their inclination to form some theory, through the imagination, if not by help of reason, respecting their relations to that world, proves that there is a natural affinity between the mind and such subjects. In the pretensions of those who from time to time assume to be wise above their fellows on such points, there is just enough of truth, or rather of verisimilitude, to invite and at the same to mock credulity. But that the curiosity of the mind is not balked by the repeated impositions that have been practised upon it, is clear from the assurance with which, again and ever, the same programme of marvels is offered to the world, and from the pleasure which is derived from the stalest delusions. So persistent and ineradicable is this inclination in the human mind, that we are constrained to conclude that it was implanted in us by the Creator with the design to predispose all souls to seek for a safe gratification of the principle in a rational religious faith.

"While therefore the human mind is always moved to crave some theory, to entertain some thoughts, and to feel a deep interest in regard to things invisible, supernatural, and spiritual, the great distinction between religion and superstition seems to be, that according to the former all our thoughts and convictions relating to such mysterious subjects must rest upon faith, and that we can obtain, and ought to seek, because we need, no more light and no higher assurance than faith can impart. In opposition to this

rational and safe doctrine, it is positively insisted by some, that it is possible and desirable to obtain ocular and audible evidence of spiritual truth.

"And here we can easily trace the genius and method of the Christian religion. It exalts faith, appeals to it as an innate principle in the soul of man, relies upon it to verify the doctrines which are offered to men, and aims so to unfold the principle, and to give it such a wise training, by associating the soul's beliefs in the spiritual world with the actual interests and pursuits of the present world, that faith may have a practical value, and become the motive-power of a useful, virtuous, and rational life.

"But while Christianity thus exalts the office and value of faith, and relies upon it so entirely in the theory which it publishes of a true human life, and in its idea of a perfect character, it also evinces its caution in the use which it makes of so powerful and dangerous a principle. Christ never aimed to mystify the minds of men by sublimated speculations upon matters too abstruse and too remote from us to allow of their being tested by reason and experience. On all such high questions there is a marked reserve in Christianity. The tendency which exists in most minds to go beyond their depth in religious inquiries, and to exhaust the strength of the soul's affections by straining after what is remote and obscure to the neglect of what is near at hand, receives a wholesome rebuke in the words of the apostle John: 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'

"No system could be more distinct and unequivocal than Christianity in teaching a high spiritual doctrine. Nothing can be imagined more in contrast with materialism than the Christian religion. It ever keeps well defined the distinction between 'the flesh and the spirit.' The fact that it makes this distinction proves that one of its leading aims is to teach the existence in man's nature of a pure element, above the region of the senses and appetites which belong to the body, and that to this spiritual part of our nature belong the purest and holiest affections. That there is a spirit in man is a matter of faith; the consciousness of the mind is the only proof that can be appealed to on this point.

"The Christian idea of God is that he is a spirit. God is not the universe of matter, as the Pantheist teaches, but an Infinite Spiritual Personality. This, too, is to be verified by faith. 'No man hath seen God at any time.'

"Christianity teaches with emphatic distinctness that there is a Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father, influencing all minds, filling, enlightening, blessing all; that the soul's life is sustained by this breath of God, like as the outward life of the body depends upon the air which fills the lungs.

"The Christian idea of 'the kingdom of God' is not of any visible hierarchy or outward establishment, of which a description may be given; but that it is within men, the reign in living souls of a living principle of truth and virtue.

"The Christian representation of heaven is not made up from sensible images, leading its disciples to desire and expect a continuation of what eye hath seen, and ear heard, and appetite relished upon the earth; but it encourages the soul to aspire to a condition whose pleasures are beyond and above the conceptions of the religious imagination, and still farther removed from the pictures of a sensuous fancy.

"Christianity teaches, and the highest consciousness of our moral nature responds to the doctrine, that man is not merely like any other material

organized body, or as one of the inferior animals, subject to the laws of nature, or moved by blind instinct, and forced by irresistible attractions and repulsions to conform to those laws, or to follow those instincts; but that there is a conviction of spiritual responsibility which may be unfolded in every mind, and that this is the inward law which every human being ought consciously to accept and govern himself by.

"Now in the particulars which have been named, as will be seen at once, are the elements of a high spiritual doctrine, — the highest and purest, in fact, that has ever been proposed to human beings. But Christianity not only teaches such a high doctrine, but is always careful to give the doctrine a direct and practical bearing upon life. It does not seek, as the Master in his prayer did not ask, that its disciples should be taken out of the world; but that they should be kept by the power of a holy principle from the evil that is in the world, and be enabled by that inward power to overcome that evil. It does not wish or attempt to draw men away from the earth, where the scene of probation, duty, struggle, and victory or defeat is laid; but to bring into this mixed earthly scene the idea of God, and the high visions of a spiritual state, and 'the powers' of the world to come,' that by the aid of these the soul may be strengthened for its conflicts in time. While the belief so readily entertained, of spirits good and bad, above the grade of humanity and below it, is allowed to remain in the minds of men, Christianity recognizes the truth that there is a spirit in man, and that by this all the communications of superior or inferior spirits are to be judged. Its precept is, 'Try the spirits whether they are of God.' This authorizes the human mind to decide upon the claims of all spirits by the character of what they disclose.

"It is clear, therefore, that Christianity does not rely solely upon the wonder raised by extra-natural or supernatural occurrences, but that it appeals to the soul's moral judgments, its own consciousness of right and truth. These convictions of truth and right in the soul ought not to be overborne, and the mind should not be put beside itself, and robbed of its power of discernment by any marvels it may witness. The object of the Christian miracles was not to overawe and stupefy the reason, not to supersede the judgment and conscience, not to darken the inward vision through superstitious fears; but rather and simply to supply the groundwork of a faith in the reality of a spiritual power above and distinct from the laws and mechanical arrangements of nature. This faith was rendered effective for practical purposes by being united with the active scrutinizing reason, and with the moral sentiments. If the miracles wrought by Christ were ever witnessed as any theatrical spectacle would be gazed at, their true and only purpose was lost sight of. They were amazing and impressive manifestations of Divine power exhibited with a view to break up the mind's slavish dependence upon the senses. They opened a door by which the believer might enter the spiritual world, and feel assured that above the sphere of the senses there is a boundless region of invisible realities. But we have been invited to enter that world of thought, not with blind credulity, but with the open vision of reason. Though beyond the sphere of sense, the mind is bound to maintain its right to examine, judge, and decide upon whatever should demand its belief. We are never called upon in the Bible to believe in marvels merely as marvels. Our Saviour always resisted the vulgar demand in his day for a 'sign.' Whenever he discovered that *faith* would not be promoted in any place by his miracles, the record informs

us that 'He did no more mighty works in that place.' He did not seek to gratify a vain and selfish, or an idle and impertinent, or a morbid curiosity in regard to supernatural occurrences. He never catered for such a depraved appetite, but simply aimed to break up the habits of gross materialism into which men had fallen, and to convince them of their relations to an Invisible and Spiritual authority.

"There is one aspect of the modern spiritualism that entitles it to some favor, even with those who put no faith in its pretended marvels. Although to such persons it may appear to be only a delusion, it may have the effect to break up a bad habit of indifference and unbelief that possesses many minds, rendering them impenetrable to religious appeal. Upon minds of this class, reason, argument, warning, entreaty, — even the experience of real life, rough or smooth, bright or clouded, — seem to be all lost. They are practical as well as theoretical infidels, believing in nothing spiritual in heaven above, or in hell beneath, or in themselves. In their vocabulary, the words *spirit* and *spiritual* have no meaning. Now, if such world-engrossed minds, such lumps, I should rather say, of soulless matter (for this is their undeveloped state) — who will credit nothing but what they see, or fancy they see, and hear and handle, who have been always flouting at the folly of religion, and railing against the fanaticism of the church, and whose mental digestion has been so weak, forsooth! that they have been unable to receive and change to nutriment the well-authenticated Christian miracles, but who now swallow, without a qualm, every extravagance which folly or knavery can administer; — if minds so unimpressible by ordinary methods can be made to feel and to acknowledge, that there is some truth after all in what clerk and book have so long been repeating in their deaf ears; that there is verily in life, and in human nature, and in the world, more than they have dreamed of in their base, earthly philosophy; that there is a mystery in every subject of thought, — a mystery in themselves — in regard to their origin, their whereabouts, and their hereafter — which they cannot penetrate, but must yet ponder, — a mystery which demands and necessitates attention as much certainly as the wherewithal to feed and clothe the perishable body; — if, I say, such flesh-smothered minds can be brought to see and to confess that the first elements of religion — the existence of a spiritual world, and the relations which all human beings hold to that unseen world, and to disembodied or superhuman spirits — are not figments of a crazed fancy, but awful realities upon which momentous issues depend, — why, then, some actual, appreciable good is likely to be effected.

"In the adjustment of forces, both in the physical and in the moral world, one kind of evil seems often left by Providence to be combated, if not remedied, by an opposite evil. Excess in any direction creates an excessive tendency to the opposite point, and so the equipoise is effected. In the natural world, when the air in any quarter becomes rarified and a vacuum is produced, another portion of the vast invisible ocean about us is set in motion, and rushes, with the violence and destructiveness of the whirlwind, to fill up the empty spaces, and to restore the equilibrium. So in the moral world, when the soul is void of faith, the gusty tempest of fanaticism and enthusiasm rushes through every obstacle that reason can interpose to restore the spiritual equilibrium. A bad spirit, taking to himself seven other spirits worse than himself, will gain forcible possession of the place which is 'empty, swept, and garnished.' The mind becomes suddenly overcharged and agitated with that of which there had previously

been a lack. And so between the opposite extremes, — of materialism and unbelief on the one side, and excess and delusion on the other, — the human mind is constantly swinging, to gain the safe mean between too much and too little, and to insure a healthy condition of thought."

Dr. Cumming's Lectures on Romanism. Published by J. P. Jewett & Co. — It is the fate of Romanism to be opposed ignorantly, while it is also opposed justly. Thousands of those who are absolutely shrieking forth their hatred and horror of it, understand nothing of its principles, and could not well define what it is about it that is really to be feared. The name given to the secret anti-Catholic organization which has suddenly sprung up into such remarkable political power — "Know Nothings" — is a very exact, though probably an undesigned, expression of this fact. Dr. Cumming's thick volume — consisting of fourteen elaborate lectures, and about as much more miscellaneous matter — is therefore a timely publication. It is an ample exposition of the peculiarities of the Romish faith and hierarchy, — not profound, but popular, — not impartial, but interesting, — and always to be read with the allowance that its author is a pledged, and bitter, and uncompromising opponent of everything approximating to Popery. In fact, his book is as direct an assault upon Oxford as upon Rome. As the Catholic Church has for its manifest antagonists the spirit of the age, the genius of our American (Northern) institutions, and the progress of knowledge, we can afford to dispense with any violent alarm or angry invective, while we do what we can to strengthen those great positive forces of our Protestant civilization. The preface before us wisely remarks: — "The noblest uniformity consists in resembling Christ, and the truest unity in loving Christ."

Dr. C. has permitted ten volumes of his discourses to be published within a year. They are all ephemeral productions, but not without their merit and use. Dr. Johnson said of an uninspired author who plagued him with his bad poetry, "As he wrote a great number of verses, he sometimes by chance made good ones, though he did not know it," meaning, doubtless, that he did not know which were good and which bad.

The Spirit of Truth. — Rev. Dr. Hall's sound discourse at the dedication of the Meadville Divinity Hall, with this title, has been published by the Western Unitarian Conference.

Tendencies of the Age to Peace. — President Allen's annual address before the American Peace Society is written with great freshness and terseness of style, and presents a view of the subject at once comprehensive and encouraging.

Martin Merrivale. — No.'s 7, 8, 9, 10, received.

British Poets ; Goldsmith's Poetical Works. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Sold by Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — For those that are purchasing select libraries, the task of choosing is much simplified by a series of standard publications of unquestionable and first-rate value, convenient form, and handsome appearance, such as the above publishers are now issuing. Already they have given us what is best worth possessing in Campbell, Rogers, and Goldsmith, with graceful and complete biographical notices of each author. The sketch in the volume before us is from the competent pen of H. T. Tuckerman, Esq., and is followed by Dr. Aikin's Critical Dissertation. In addition to "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Hermit," we have here the exquisite lyrical and dramatic pieces and essays, and a likeness of the ugly but sensible face, of the witty, amiable, unobtrusive, accomplished, condescending, but perhaps slightly jealous man, who loved to be called a "Citizen of the World," and of whom Boswell tells us that he said, "When I began to write, I determined to commit nothing to paper that was not new; but I afterwards found that what is new is commonly false; and, from that time, I was not solicitous about novelty."

Pastor's Wedding Gift. J. P. Jewett & Co. — The design of this work, which is bound and ornamented in bridal style, will be at once understood. The subjects are such as relate to conjugal duties and domestic life, and are treated in a serious, practical way. Rev. W. M. THAYER, the author, has been quite successful, we understand, in works of this cast.

Romanism. — Rev. Richard Pike has preached and published a sensible and vigorous discourse on the aggressions, character, and aspects of the Roman Catholic religion in this country. It is both charitable and just toward Popery, but also decided in its Protestantism, — protesting, among other things, against the feeble and sentimental pseudo-charity, which would let Romanism do all its will, irrespective of the sacred rights of the truth and the Scriptures; and for this we like it. The immediate occasion of the sermon was the foolish and wicked attempt to blow up the new Catholic church in the preacher's neighborhood, — Dorchester, Lower Falls.

We have received a No. of *The New York Weekly Leader*, with an invitation to notice it, which we accept. There is nothing in its literary character deserving anybody's attention; and there is something in its moral character deserving everybody's contempt.